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MAUREEN DHU,

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE CLADDAGH.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER XVI.—*Continued.*

"Giles!" said she, after a moment's pause, "I am about to humble myself before you, and I trust the humiliation which I am to undergo may serve to expiate the sins of which I have been guilty. Believe me I was not alone to blame. Edmund Behan and myself had hardly one feeling in common, except it might be the desire of outdoing every one else in house, furniture, equipage, dress, and all the other items which go to make up a fashionable 'apppearance.' In this Behan went even beyond me, may the Lord forgive him his sins! and I verily believe every faculty of his being was absorbed in that one passion. Love for me he never really had—he was proud of my personal attractions just as he was of his horse Brutus and his Dublin carriage and all the rest. I am quite sure he thought fully as much of that set of porcelain vases which he bought at the Marquis of Ely's sale as he did of me or any other human being. This I early discovered, and having, in reality, much more sensibility than the rash judgment of the world gave me credit for, I felt it keenly at first, for I did love Edmund until love became impossible, and even pity was changed into contempt. The worst of it was, however, that the set of associates whom he drew around us were ill calculated to make things better. The world at large seeing no farther than the surface, thought Edmund Behan and his gay wife a very happy couple, because we dashed through thick and thin, and lived in a constant whirl of giddy excitement that left us no room for sober reflection. But there was one who penetrated below the surface, and saw that I, at least, wore a smiling mask before the world, and that there were depths within my heart unseen to mortal eye. Much knowledge had he of the world and of human nature, I little, very little, and he applied himself to gain my confidence, knowing well the natural effect of such a connection on a mind so vain, so giddy, and withal so deeply piqued as mine was. He was handsome, witty, and of polished manners—subtle and insidious, yet to all appearance frank and open-hearted. Ah! Giles! I did not know him then—" she stopped, much agitated.

"Margaret!" said her brother, starting suddenly from his quiet attitude of attention, "you *must* mean Richard Dalton—there could not be two such specious villains!"

"Of course I do mean him—him and no other——"

"Then how can you say you didn't know him?" said Giles angrily, "did not I myself warn you again and again to keep him at a distance?"

"Would that I had taken your advice!" These words were half-choked with sobs, yet Margaret's visible distress had lost its effect on her brother. Stern and more stern grew his face, and when he spoke his voice was thick and husky.

"Say on!" he said, "let me know the worst—and yet—and yet—*Margaret Fitzstephen!* if you have a lower depth of degradation to reveal, be silent. I could not hear of your shame, I think, and live!"

"Giles—Brother!" said Margaret, suddenly removing her hands from before her face, and standing up with all the dignity of her proud race, "Brother! of what do you suspect me? Beware of supposing even for a moment that the daughter of Arnold Fitzstephen—I speak not now of religion—could or did forget her lineage!"

"Thank God!" said her brother fervently, "I can hear anything and everything now—then there *is* nothing to prevent me from accepting an honorable man's proposal for you."

"As to that you shall be the judge. You remember my little girl, the only child I ever had—owing, may the Lord forgive me! to the dissipated life I led—you remember her, of course."

"Ah! poor Chatty! how could I forget her?" and Fitzstephen's moistened eyes attested his affectionate remembrance of the little helpless creature, who, during her short existence, he had but seldom seen, for, weak and infirm from her birth, she had been kept out at nurse at so safe a distance from the city that her fashionable parents were never mortified by having her come under the eyes of their estimable associates. "That was the poor forlorn child, and, to tell you the truth, Margaret! I was well pleased when the Lord took her. There were many who considered that she was taken in mercy."

"Go on, Giles! heap it on plentifully!" said Margaret with a smile like that which we might imagine on the face of a Red Indian at the stake, "I know I deserve it all, but, as it happened, God was more lenient to me than my fellow-creatures."

"How is that?"

"I am going to tell you. Now that the wound is open we may as well probe it to the quick. You know how strenuously you persuaded me to go spend that fatal summer at Arranmore with my little girl. *You* thought, of course, and so did my mother and every one else, that that was the best plan to get rid of Dalton, and you even condescended during one of your visits to congratulate me on having sent my hangers-on adrift. You did not understand the smile with which I listened, and you little thought that I was secretly exulting in the power of my own attractions which could draw the fashionable and admired Dalton after me to the wildest of wild coasts amid the surging waves of the Atlantic. Edmund Behan did not often trouble me. A visit to Arranmore, he used to say, was the greatest bore imaginable, and it always took him a full week to get over the effects of it. But Dalton's visits were frequent, and, I shame to say, but too welcome, for he always brought me a budget of news, some new music, and everything that was most likely to minister to my amusement. He never came, however, without some company, generally that conceited sister of his and their cousin Fred Staunton, both chips of the same block. One day in the early part of October the three of them came down in Staunton's yacht, and I was easily prevailed upon to take my guitar and go out with them for a sail. The gentlemen had brought a flute and a clarionet, and as Honora Dalton and myself both sang, we had quite a pleasant concert of it to the great delight of poor Chatty whom I had taken with me that day as a special favor. Suddenly, very suddenly the scene was changed. The weather, which had been remarkably fine for the season, all at once became dark and cloudy, so dark, indeed, that objects were barely discernible. Fierce gusts of wind swept in through the narrow channel between the islands, and the sea boiled and surged around us with fearful fury. Several fishing boats from the Claddagh and from the islands, whose motionless forms we had so lately seen reflected in the calm water, were now drifting to and fro at the mercy of the winds, and our own frail craft, nutshell that it was, danced, and rocked, and quivered to every breath of the storm. So sudden was the rise of the tempest that we had not time to go below until the mad waves were tumbling over the deck. We could not even speak, but each one clung to whatever came within reach. The violence of the first shock was so great that it seemed as though destruction awaited us, and occupied solely with the horrible thought that I was about to be hurried before an angry God, I forgot my child. All at once I heard a faint cry, and my heart sank within me for I knew it was her voice. For the first time I missed her. I called her again and again. There was no answer. I dare not let go the post to which I was clinging, but I cried to Dalton that I feared the child was gone. His answer, when he could speak, was very cool. He didn't know but she was, but, of course, it couldn't be helped. It was every one for himself. Oh my God! the torture of that moment. The sharp pang of remorse that pierced my soul, and the dread, the overwhelming, the annihilating sense of the tremendous judgments of God. I felt, as though like Jonas, I, by my sins, had been the cause of that awful visitation, and I was half-tempted to fling myself into the depths of the sea after my poor unhappy child. Still I hoped she might have crept below before the storm commenced, and I believe it was this hope that saved me from eternal ruin. I never valued the poor child while I had her, but then I felt as though her loss would overwhelm me with sorrow. Faith that had been well nigh dead for years sprang up at once into life and vigor, and I prayed, oh! how fervently! that Mary the Star of the Sea would save me from a death so sudden and unprovided, that I might have time to repair the evil I had done. It could not have been my unworthy prayers that were heard above, yet certain it is that at that moment a stillness came upon the waters, and the dense black clouds above us were rent asunder as by a mighty hand, then sank to the rim of the horizon, leaving the mid-heavens clear and blue. Down I rushed to the little cabin. No Chatty was there——"

"Good Heavens, Margaret! she was lost——"

"Ay! lost—lost she was, Giles!—lost in the twinkling of an eye—so it seemed, at least, and amid all the terror and confusion of the moment, the dreadful thought was uppermost that I, by my criminal levity and folly, had drawn down on myself this fearful scourge. You will, doubtless, wonder, as *I* often did since, how it was that I lived through the horrors of that dark hour when I found myself childless—and by my own fault."

Fitzstephen listened to the sad story with a lowering brow that had little of compassion in its sternness, and when his sister paused here he started and appeared much excited. "And yet you gave *us* to understand then and ever after that the child died of croup——"

"I did—to my shame I own it—and I took advantage of the rough, unsettled weather which lasted for some days to keep the knowledge of what had happened from you all——"

"Yes! I remember how much we admired your considerate kindness in *not* letting us know anything of poor Chatty's death until after she was buried!—ah, Margaret! Margaret!—and the little grave in that lone churchyard near your house which was pointed out to us as hers——"

"And the pretty monument which you—not Behan—placed over it!"

"Why, Margaret! you really appear to take it very lightly now, whatever you did at first. This, I take it, is the worst of all—this heartless levity of tone and manner—judging from present appearances, I suppose you soon got over your remorse and—your good resolutions!"

"No, Giles! I did not—heartless or whatever else I may be, I never got over my remorse—nor broke through my good resolutions—at least as regarded Dalton. From that hour I never received him in Behan's absence, nor gave him the slightest encouragement of any kind. As soon as I possibly could I cut the connection altogether both with him and his sister. I received two letters from him, it is true, since Edmund's death, but both were returned unopened, and he soon gave up the pursuit as hopeless. As for Behan, I am quite sure he was much relieved by the child's death, for he never concealed his unnatural dislike of her, and her infirmity was a constant source of mortification to his vain, egotistical mind."

"Well, really, Margaret! you don't seem overburthened yourself with feeling for her. My opinion is that God was singularly good and merciful in taking her from such unnatural parents." Fitzstephen pronounced these words with unusual asperity, but Margaret's incorrigible levity was proof against all.

"Perhaps so," she said with a light smile and a toss of her head, "I fancy we should have made sad work in the way of education. But now you have 'the head and front of my offending'—what do you think of it? Do you know *I* feel much the better for the confession, and now that it is over, I declare I begin to wonder at myself for being so much afraid of *you* in particular. It is to be hoped that you will report favorably to Hamilton after all!"

"Margaret Behan!" said the brother with touching solemnity, "you have acted in a manner wholly inexcusable—you have been, I tell you plainly, a bad wife—you have been accessary to the death of your own and only child, by going out boating under such circumstances—you practised a grievous imposition on us all by making us believe that the child had died a natural death, but I tell you plainly that your present levity is the worst feature of all, inasmuch as it shows you dead to feeling—dead to remorse. How can you think of that mocking tombstone—that monumental lie—on the bleak island-shore without a feeling of shame and degradation?

"*Here lies the body of Charlotte Ellen Behan, aged three years and six months,*" ejaculated Margaret in a sepulchral tone and with a face corresponding to the lugubrious sentence. Before Giles could give vent to his horror and disgust, his sister had stalked out of the room with a most ghostly air.

"Good God!" said Fitzstephen to himself, as he paced up and down the room in meditative mood, looking as much in sorrow as in anger, "good God! how revolting is this levity!—to repeat the very inscription on the stone in mockery! If Hamilton takes my advice he'll have nothing to do with you my good lady! Well! really, my penetration has been egregiously at fault in your regard—here I have been giving you credit for mourning in secret—mourning, indeed!—if you did mourn I suppose it was because you couldn't get another dashing husband with a fortune to get through!"

He was launching out into a fierce invective against the ruinous vortex of fashionable dissipation, when his soliloquy was brought to a close by the entrance of his mother and Charlotte who had been spending the evening at Mr. Hampton's. They were both full of Emily's perfections, Mrs. Fitzstephen especially—Emily's singing, Emily's playing, Emily's drawing as exhibited in the contents of a portfolio on the drawing-room table, Emily's charming manners, and all and each enthusiastically dwelt upon, until Giles could stand it no longer. He fairly burst out laughing.

"Well, on my word, mother! you would make an excellent matrimonial agent!—assuredly it is not your fault if Emily still bears the honored name of Hampton! There's Charlotte laughing slily behind backs—suppose now you try your hand in getting *her* disposed of, and leave Emily Hampton's praises to her father and his truly eloquent sister! Seriously, my dearest mother! you will confer a favor on me by doing so—it frets and annoys me to hear *you* blowing the trumpet for those whose fair semblance is as hollow as 'the tinkling brass.' For God's sake—for my sake, let me alone about this piece of painted pasteboard—this heartless, soulless puppet!"

"Giles! Giles!" cried his mother, using her fan at a prodigious rate, although no one but herself felt over warm, "Giles! you are both unjust and ungrateful—it would be well for Emily if she were only half as blind to your perfections as you are to hers. It is ungenerous of you to speak so harshly of one who, whatever her faults may be, loves *you*——"

"Loves *me*!" repeated Fitzstephen with bitter scorn, "say rather that she loves my *position*, and has a yearning after our family honors—such love as her's is not worth the drop of dew that melts before the first sunbeam—good night! my dear mother!—good night! Charlotte! I have much business on hands for to-morrow and must try to secure a *good night* myself!" With his own peculiar smile he left the room. Not so his mother and Charlotte who sat talking till the night was far advanced.

CHAPTER XVII.

The next day was one of uninterrupted sunshine. From early morning till the close of day the Galway waters shone like burnished gold; the river, swollen by the autumn rains, dashed boldly on freighted with the waters of Lough Corrib, and the surface of the basin without heaved and surged and pulsated like a huge thing of life. Multitudes of the finny tribes were sporting in its depths, darting up at times to the surface, their bright scales glittering in the sun's ray amid the sparkling waters. Little fear had they of the numerous craft that flitted to and fro, hither and thither over the Bay, for they knew well in their piscal wisdom that the Claddagh men would not touch one of them that day for love or money. It was set down as an "unlucky day" in the Claddagh, but out in the Bay it was quite the contrary, for the tribes of the deep were free to enjoy the bright sunshine, without fear of net, hook or line. In and about the Claddagh a more than Sabbath stillness reigned. Most of its inhabitants, both men and women, were within doors, or somewhere about their houses, the former washing and scrubbing with that exactness which makes their domestic neatness proverbial, the latter mending and otherwise arranging their fishing-tackle for the morrow's use. Here and there at the quay might be seen groups, or individuals, as the case might be, repairing and cleaning boats, mending sails, and other such professional jobs, all in that quiet, easy, careless way characteristic of the Claddagh men in a state of repose.

Many of the women were in town disposing of the fish taken on the previous day, and amongst them was Vara Halliday. Maureen was, accordingly, keeping house, and, contrary to her usual custom, she went through her household duties with a dreary, thoughtful air. Silent she was, and sad she appeared to be, starting at times from deep thought and looking around with a half-frightened air as though fearful of seeing some strange sight. She would listen, too, at times with head erect and hand upraised as though expecting some unwonted sound. Her father and her brothers were all out most of the forenoon, and as soon as they had got their dinner they went off again to the quay, where, they said, "a couple of the boats" were badly in need of repair. Maureen felt relieved when she found herself again alone, but, as the afternoon wore on, her fears, of what kind soever they were, became intolerable. "Well, whatever it is that's on me," she murmured, "I can't stand it any longer. I feel as if something was for draggin' me down to the water-side, though I'm sure I have no heart to go anywhere—God save every one from harm this day, for an ill day it is! And, still, sure there is no one in harm's way. I don't know *that*, either—maybe there is—God knows! at any rate, I'll take a stroll down an' see what's goin' on. Ochone! I wish my granny was home—it 'id be something to have her to talk to. I'd like," she said again, as she wrapped her heavy shawl around her, and took her knitting in her hand, "I'd like to know, now, what's Shan about?" and then she sank again into a deep *reverie*, nor raised her head, even to answer passing salutations, till she had reached the wharf. The sight of the water, and the ships, and nearer the Claddagh men scattered at work along shore, brought her quickly back to a sense of security, that was probably owing to the life and animation pervading the scene. The Admiral was there hard at work in his shirt sleeves, in defiance of the chill November blast that from time to time curled the bright waters far and near. He and his sons were keel-hauling their best hooker, which lay in a slanting position on the strand. Casting her eyes around in search of Shan, Maureen perceived him sitting, mending sails, at no great distance, with Tom Flaherty and old Ulick Kearnahan. Shan's back was turned towards her, and somehow she felt glad that his eye was not on her. It was just as well that he should not know of her being there.

Maureen, with her stocking on her arm, stood for a few minutes near the spot where her father and brothers were at work, her eyes wandering with a half-conscious glance over the sunlit scene, beyond the water, where the blue mountains of Clare stretched away into shadowy distance, their summits traced on the far horizon in many a graceful curve and tapering cone. But Maureen was not thinking of the fair page of nature's book that lay before her. Other thoughts were in her mind, all tinted with the gloom—the supernatural gloom attendant on her last night's adventure. All at once, she was roused from her musings by the voice of little Nanno calling out to her with childish glee: "Look, Maureen, only look who's here!"

Turning quickly, Maureen was much surprised to see old Aileen hobbling down to the beach, partly supported by her little grandchild, partly by her stick. It was a strange sight to see the ghastly and withered old crone bent almost double, as it were, sustained by the elfin creature, who was herself bowed down by the weight of her own pitiful infirmity. Aileen's hand rested on the child's misshapen shoulder, and it was easy to see that the pressure gave pain to the gentle creature, for her cheek had a hectic flush all unusual to it, and her large, gazelle-like eyes were filled with tears. Yet on she toddled, bearing up bravely herself and cheering the old woman with many a kind word. Now if Maureen had seen a veritable ghost at the time she could not have been more astounded, for the old woman had not left her bed for many a long day before.

"Wisha, then, Aileen! is it yourself that's in it, at all?" she cried as she hastened to her, and with much difficulty placed her on a broad stone or boulder which there rose some feet above the sand. "Sure I thought you weren't fit to put a foot under you."

"Ugh! ugh!—bad manners to you for an ugly cough!" croaked the old woman, "sure I'm fine an' strong the day, Lord be praised! an' we'll not have many such days as this, so I thought I'd struggle down to see the fun. Ugh! ugh! ugh!"

Ah, then, what fun do you mean, Aileen astore?"

"Och, you'll know it by and bye, avourneen! There'll be great fun entirely. Don't ask me to tell you any more, achree! for you see it's chokin' I am—with this thievin' cough. Ugh! ugh!—sure I seen it all last night—is Randal More down?"

"Yes, there he is," said Maureen pointing him out. The bleared eyes of Aileen could hardly distinguish him, but knowing him to be present she seemed quite content. Her words troubled Maureen more than a little. It is true her reason was gradually failing, but at times she gave utterance to strange and mystic words which startled the hearers, as would a voice from the other world. She had been for years both feared and respected in the village as "a wise woman," that is to say, as one having knowledge of hidden things, and this weird power seemed in no way diminished by the blank fatuity which had of late come upon her. Aileen Bhua, helpless and infirm, and half idiotic as she had become, was still looked up to by her simple neighbors as a semi-supernatural being whose eye could at times pierce the veil which conceals the world of spirits from mortal ken. Her mysterious words, then, gave rise to a strange tumult in Maureen's mind, giving, as they did, a sort of confirmation to her own undefined misgivings. Aileen, it is true, had spoken of "fun," but Maureen knew her too well to expect anything good or agreeable from that, for there was a biting irony in her tone that meant anything rather than *fun*.

It was about one o'clock, and the sun was just bending his course downward, when little Nanno, who had been watching with childish interest the graceful motion of the various ships and boats passing up and down, to and fro, on the river and the Bay, suddenly observed in her low, asthmatic voice:

"Why, then, Maureen, isn't that a fishing-boat?"

"A fishing-boat!" repeated Maureen in some perturbation, "why surely no!—there's no fishing-boat out the day. But, Lord bless me! it is—och, wirra! wirra!"

"Sure I tould you there was goin' to be fun!" said Aileen with her shrill, cackling laugh, "an' there will, too—he! he! he!—where's Randal More! why doesn't he stir himself!—run, Nanno—no, you Maureen—run an' tell him!—he! he! he! I knew we'd have fun! I knew it bravely!—whereabouts is the pirate now, children?"

"For God's sake, Aileen! let us alone," cried Maureen with a querulousness that was all unusual with her, "my father 'ill get sight of her time enough!—ah! I knew," she muttered to herself, "I knew it wasn't for nothing that I saw what I did last night. It's him—I'm full sure it is—didn't he as good as tell me he'd do it! Blessed St. Nicholas! what a beauty of a boat he has!—an' I declare she's bigger than either the Sheelah or the Nora Creina—well! if that isn't a sight anyhow!—ah! it took him to do it!"

Lost in her instinctive admiration of the large and handsome boat, Maureen almost forgot the danger which awaited her venturesome crew, when a wild shout from the Claddagh men along shore—a wild, vengeful shout—announced that the strange craft was noticed by them. Maureen's heart sank within her as she heard the stentorian voice of her father raised high in command, and saw several boats instantly in preparation.

"Who and what is she?" cried Randal More. "She comes from the city—here, boys!" to his sons, "get out the Nora at onst—don't have it to say that *we'll* be hindmost. I thought there wasn't a man in Galway that 'id venture out fishin' the day in sight of the Claddagh!—an' she's a tight bit o' wood—well put together—more's the pity that she must go down—Shan Driscoll! man alive! make ready—is Brown Bess in proper trim.

"Safe and sound she is, I'll go bail!" returned Shan at the top of his voice, "but can you guess who that is?"

"The sorra a guess—it's little matter, anyhow—well, I vow to God that's an aggravatin' *omadhaun* whoever he is!—all ready, boys?"

"Father!" said the soft voice of Maureen at his side, "father! do you know who that is?" pointing to the now distinct figure of a man standing on the prow of the boat. "I'll lay my life it's Mr. Fitzstephen."

"Mr. Fitzstephen!" repeated the old man sharply, "why, you're ravin', child, what 'id bring *him* out that way—do you think *he'd* come out agin us in broad daylight?"

"I think he would, father," said Maureen earnestly, still holding her father by the arm, "because it's partly for your own good, that's *his* notion."

"Shan!" shouted the Admiral, "do you hear that? Maureen says it's Mr. Fitzstephen, an' after all, maybe it is, for—my soul to glory but I b'lieve it is!—don't you see, she's a trawler?—jump in, boys! jump in! more power there, Shan, you're always first out!"

Maureen made no attempt at expostulation, for she well knew that no earthly power could turn her father at that moment from his purpose. Shan Driscoll and the Brown Bess were already under weigh, and the Nora Creina's white sail was flung to the breeze by the stalwart hands of the two young O'Haras, themselves as excited as any, in fact too much excited for talk. Several other smaller boats were starting in rapid succession, all making for the obnoxious hooker, their crews all armed with such weapons or missiles as came within their reach. Yet all this threatening display did not appear to intimidate those on board the strange craft. Still she kept her onward way steering right for the fishing-ground. Steadily on she went as though wholly unaware of the volcano over which she passed. Even the wild cheers and halloos from the advancing boats appeared to have no other effect than that of giving increased power to the graceful craft which moved over the waters like a creature of life.

But where was Maureen Dhu all this time, for no sooner had she seen the first boat put off than she turned her back to the shore, and fled like an antelope towards the centre of the village? On and on she ran, without stopping to look behind. Was she anxious to get out of seeing and hearing of the tragic scenes which she knew to be at hand? They knew but little of Maureen O'Hara who would suspect her of such puerile weakness. Two minutes had hardly passed since she left the beach when she stopped breathless and well-nigh exhausted at Brian Kineely's door, where she had left him an hour before "sitting in the sun," pale and languid after his short but severe illness. He was still there, but no longer listless or inanimate. He had heard the tumultuous cheers from the beach, and catching the inspiration, though ignorant of what was going on, the poor fellow was eagerly watching for some intelligence from the shore. More than once he had tried his limbs, impelled by a curiosity which became every moment more painful, but as often did those refractory members refuse to bear him. He had seen people hurrying past through the cross streets, and a vague rumor of what was passing below had reached his straining ears from a distance, but as no one chanced to pass within hearing of his weakened voice, he was compelled to remain in that state of ignorance which is *not* bliss. Like some beautiful spectre Maureen suddenly appeared before him, and he had not time either to express his surprise or ask a question when she grasped him by the arm.

"Brian Kineely! you must put out after the boats!"

"What boats, Maureen?—sure there's no one 'id venture out the day! but anyhow, I'm not able," he added in a melancholy tone.

"You *are* able, Brian!—you *will* be able! Come off this minute, an' God will give you strength, for it's to save *life*, Brian! an' sure isn't that His own work! Come! come! *come!* I tell you—don't you hear the shouts—we'll be late!"

"Well, Maureen! I'll do yoor bidding in God's name. Can't I speak to granny, jist to tell her where I'm goin', for fear she'd be troubled when she misses me?"

"Not a word—you'll be back soon, please the Lord in heaven—there now, you see you can walk well enough—I knew it!" And in reality Brian did find himself so much stronger under the impulse of Maureen's earnest solicitation and the contagious excitement which he could not resist, that to his great and joyful surprise, he hardly needed the support of Maureen's arm as she hurried him along in the direction of the beach. There was no more time for questions. "You'll know it all time enough," said Maureen in smothered accents, as they reached the beach, and she pointed to the strange boat. One glance was enough for Brian's practised eye, but still he turned an inquiring eye on Maureen.

"Who is it, Maureen? and what would you have me do?" he said.

"Make them get out a row-boat—Brian! Brian! brother of my heart! it's Mr. Fitzstephen—if you love me, Brian! out at once, or there'll be bloody work this day—there's ne'er another in the village I'd depend on *now* but your own self."

There was a ghastly paleness on Brian Kineely's brow and on his cheek, but he leapt into a boat and motioned for one or two fellows who were lounging near to jump in after him and take up the oars.

"How can I save him, Maureen?" demanded Brian with a tremulous voice, "only tell me what I'm to do, an' if I lose my life I'll do it!"

At this moment and before Maureen could answer, a carriage dashed up at headlong speed, and out of it rushed Mrs. Fitzstephen and her daughter Charlotte. The half-frenzied glance which the mother cast around enabled

her to observe Maureen to whom she at once addressed herself.

"Daughter of Randal O'Hara!" she cried, "*is* his life in danger, as they tell me!"

"It is!" was the stern and, it seemed, sullen reply of Maureen.

"Great God! can nothing be done?" and the widowed mother wrung her hands in anguish as she saw the boats from the Claddagh nearing her son's. "Oh! I told him to have nothing, nothing to do with them."

"So did I, ma'am," said Maureen in what seemed a quiet tone. Quickly and fiercely Mrs. Fitzstephen turned on her.

"Girl! girl! how coolly you take it—do you know that he is my own and only son—oh, Charlotte, my daughter! is there no one to help us—look! look!"

"Lady! said Maureen Dhu, "have patience and hope in God!—you tell me I am cool—don't say it again, for I'll save his life for you, or lose my own!"

She had been standing on the prow of Brian's boat, and as she said these words she turned to him with a crimson cheek and bade him push out for God's sake and hers.

"Has he a medal or cross or anything?" she asked of the amazed lady on the beach.

"He may—I think so—I'm not sure."

"Give me that cross I gave you—if you have it about you?"

The cross was handed over by a young man who leaped with it to the boat and then back again to the beach.

"Now, Brian! for life or death pull out—stay—don't you touch the oars—you're not able—give that one here to me!" As if laboring under some strange spell, Brian handed her the oar in silence, and seating herself near the prow with her face turned to the other boats, Maureen threw off her shawl and plied the long oar with a lightness and ease that were surprising in one so young and so delicately formed.

By this time the Claddagh boats had come within hail of the bold trawler. If the fishermen had been in doubt as to the offending party, their doubt was now removed. Fitzstephen himself stood on the prow in sight of them all. Whatever uneasiness he might have felt, he suffered none of it to appear, but kept watching the approach of the boats with a calm smile as if apprehending no danger.

"Good morrow to you, Randal!" said Fitzstephen cheerily, "how is all with you." Without waiting for the answer which he well knew would have been a gruff one, he went on quickly: "You see, I'm going to try the trawling for you, when I couldn't get you to do it yourselves. Just see how it works now, and if you don't like it, Admiral, why, then, I'll give it up."

This easy self-possession and good humor quite desconcerted Randal. He was prepared to encounter opposition, and had made up his mind to show no mercy, but this new turn of affairs he had not foreseen and it baffled all his calculations. Still he had a duty to perform, and that he would do no matter how things went.

"Mr. Fitzstephen!" said the Admiral in his roughest and gruffest voice, giving his trowsers a hitch-up at the same time, "Mr. Fitzstephen, don't try to come it on me now—you tried your hand on it afore now, an' even made so little of yourself as to *collogue* with that *gersha* of mine about it—all was no use, sir, an' still you wouldn't give in. It's for a taunt an' an aggravation you're out here now, an' you needn't think to lay any of your soft soap to me. A fish you'll never catch in that net!"

"Nonsense, Admiral! we've some scores in it now, I think, though it's not long since we let it down. Do look at it, man!"

"Down with the pirate!" shouted Shan Driscoll, impatient at this delay.

"Down with the pirate!" was echoed by all the others, and grasping their various weapons they placed themselves in threatening attitudes on the deck of each boat while they still kept moving in on the more stately trawler.

Fitzstephen made a sign to his own crew to move backwards, while planting his feet more firmly on the prow, he thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his pilot-cloth over-coat.

"Randal O'Hara!" said he in a firm, collected voice, "what is it you mean to do?"

"To sink your boat!" was the stern reply.

"Then you're bent on murder!"

"Sink or swim, *we'll* not lay a hand on one of you, but down the boat goes as sure as *you're* aboord of her. If you go to the bottom the fault's your own—what business had you here!——"

"Randal O'Hara! this is a poor way of showing your gratitude," said Fitzstephen, "I think I often served the Claddagh men——"

"This does away with all, an' you know that well. There for you, Shan! this is no time for *palaver*. Do your will, boys! into her at once!"

"Advance one step and you're a dead man!" said Fitzstephen with stern determination, and from each of his pockets he drew a double-barrelled pistol, one of which he handed to one of his crew who rushed to his assistance. The other he aimed at Shan Driscoll who was the most active and the most forward of his assailants.

A derisive laugh was Shan's answer, and with a sudden stroke of a long iron-spiked pole which he grasped by the middle he dashed the pistol from the boatman's hand. It went off in the fall with a loud explosion, and a wild shout of terror came faintly from the shore. One single cry was heard nearer, but all were too intent on the pending contest to think of looking whence it came.

"Must I fire?" cried Fitzstephen whose cheek blanched for the first time as he saw one of his pistols dashed thus into the water, "back, I tell you, or your blood be on your own head!"

Shan made no answer but a blow of his handspike instantly descended on Fitzstephen's shoulder. Almost stunned by the force of the blow, Fitzstephen still had power to discharge his pistol. But the fearful handspike again interposed, and knocked up the pistol so that the ball merely grazed Shan's uplifted arm.

"Now, boys, come on!" cried Shan with a flourish of his formidable weapon, "it's plain sailin' now—down with the pirate trawler! Scuttler her!"

There was a rush to the side of all the Claddagh boats. Foremost in the attack were the two young O'Haras, but somehow the Admiral himself hung back contrary to his wont, and he made a sign to Barney to wait a moment. There was something in the depth of his honest heart that made him sympathize with Fitzstephen whose gallant resistance commanded his admiration. He had at bottom, too, a sincere regard for the generous and high-spirited Galwagian, and although he blustered so loudly against his daring attempt at innovation on the ancient customs of the Claddagh and incroaching on their cherished rights, still it was not without pain that he saw his life in danger. He felt that duty demanded of him to make an example of so daring a trespasser, and he also feared the reproaches of his people if he even appeared to fail them at such a moment, but still his rough cheek lost its color and his heart sank within him at the thoughts of Fitzstephen's imminent danger. It was the first, and, perhaps, the only time in his long career of office that he wished he had not been Admiral of the Claddagh. Every eye was turned on him, and the fishermen, wrathful and impatient as they were, would not strike a blow until he gave the word or the signal. Shan Driscoll was furious at this, and in his wrath he forgot even his habitual respect for the Admiral's high office. Turning his eyes back on him, he called out in a tone of cutting irony: "That's it, Randal! keep them back till he gets clear away. We all know you have a gra for him! Keep close, boys! move after her—if the Admiral is afeard to boord her, we'll go without him!"

Almost maddened by this insolent taunt, Randal More aimed a blow at Shan which had it struck him would have sent him right over, but Yeman caught the blow on his own weapon, and glancing reproachfully at his father made a thrust at the exposed side of the trawler by way of commencing the assault. His father said not a word, but raising his heavy pole in both hands struck it right through the trawler's stern, yet so that the hole it made was far above water. Fitzstephen's crew came manfully to his succor, armed with whatever missile they could find, and himself had his finger on the trigger. But even supposing he did shoot one of his assailants with the only ball which now remained, what was he to do then? There he was, wholly defenceless, almost surrounded by the vengeful and excited Claddagh men, whose angry passions now thoroughly aroused were beyond all control, save that of their own commander from whom nothing was to be expected. The destruction of his boat, the fiery assailants would hear nothing, stop at nothing, and for the first time Fitzstephen blamed himself for attempting to force instruction on those who would not be instructed. But as often happens, repentance came too late, and Fitzstephen had only to brace his mind so as to meet his fate as became a Christian man. Breathing a prayer for his own soul and for those whom his probable death would leave so desolate, he grasped his pistol still more firmly and stood waiting for the moment to use it to the best advantage.

"Now God have mercy on my soul!" said Fitzstephen to himself as he saw the terrible handspikes again in motion, and more formidable still, many a hatchet flashing in the sun as desperate hands whirled them around to give greater force to the meditated stroke.

Suddenly a shout was heard from the trawler's stern, and Brian Kineely was seen lifting Maureen on board. Brian's appearance would have been easily accounted for, and the Claddagh men raised an encouraging cheer, supposing that he had, by a manœuvre, taken the trawler in the rear. The sight of Maureen Dhu, in that position, however, was something both strange and unaccountable, and when she advanced to Fitzstephen's side with a firm step and that queenly air which she could so well assume, every soul on board the Claddagh boats was, as it were, spell-bound for the moment. The gleaming weapons remained aloft as though suspended in air, and every eye, distended with amazement, was fixed on Maureen. Fitzstephen's feelings would be hard to describe, as Maureen, with a smile and a blush, handed him the Spanish cross and desired him to hang it around his neck.

"Take that, and throw the pistol from you, sir!" she said in a low voice, "they'll not hurt you now, never fear!—thank God I'm not too late!"

"Maureen!" cried her father, "what, in God's name, brought you there?"

"It was Brian brought me, father," said Maureen calmly, "and I came to save Mr. Fitzstephen's life, and keep you from doin' what I know you'd rue the longest day you have to live."

"Randal More!" said Shan Driscoll with the dread calmness of desperation, "Randal More! bring your daughter off that boat or she'll go down *in* it,—for down it goes before I'm many minutes older——"

"Take care what you say, Shan!" said Barney O'Hara, turning on him fiercely, "you'd best not threaten harm to Maureen!"

"Take her out of that, I tell you! or you'll see what I'll do as well as threaten!"

"Shan! Shan!" said Yeman gently, "think of what you're sayin', my poor fellow!"

"I see there's no use in talkin'," said Shan, "so I'll do it myself when nobody else 'ill do it!—be ready, boys! as soon as I get back with that mad girl beyant!" So saying, he jumped on board the trawler and made a grasp at Maureen, but Fitzstephen with ineffable dignity and coolness placed one arm around her slender waist and with the other pointed the pistol to Shan's breast.

"Back, young man! back, I say! or I shoot you dead!"

"Back yourself, son of the stranger!" cried Shan, in a suffocating voice, while his face grew purple with rage; "back with your pistol—I care nothing for my life, but the girl I'll have!"

"Never!" said Fitzstephen with preternatural calmness, "*never!* mine she is, and mine she shall be—in life or death she can never be yours!"

A groan of anguish from behind made Fitzstephen turn his head for an instant, when Shan with the fury of a maniac threw himself on him, and attempting to force the pistol from his grasp it exploded, and a cry of pain from Maureen told that she had been wounded. In the twinkling of an eye the Admiral and his sons held Shan as with a grasp of iron, and a chorus of execration arose from the fishermen, whose wrath was now turned on Shan. The unhappy young man was insensible to their cries—insensible to the reproachful voice of the heart-struck father who was now bending over his child where she lay in Fitzstephen's arms pale and faint, yet still conscious.

"Don't be frightened!" said she, when her own fright permitted her to speak, "it's only my arm, I think!—father!—Mr. Fitzstephen!—I'm not much the worse!"

"Oh! Maureen, Maureen!" whispered Fitzstephen, "why did you risk a life so precious—if you die what will become of *me!*"

"If I did what matter—sure it 'id be for you!" The words were hardly spoken when Maureen, faint and bleeding as she was, regretted having spoken them, and she stretched her arms towards her father with an imploring look, while her death-like face was suffused with a momentary flush. Fitzstephen resisted the old man's attempt to take her. "No, no, Randal! I must see what injury she has sustained before I can give her even to you. I presume there is peace betwcen us now."

"I don't know that, Mr. Fitzstephen," returned the Admiral gruffly, "this, by right, only makes things worse—if I lose my child by your means, do you think it'll make peace?"

"Father! father!" murmured Maureen, "what makes you speak that way to him?—don't you *know* it wasn't his fault—— ?"

"No, Maurcen! the fault was mine," said Shan, "it was I done it—it was I done it—an' if it had only struck *him*, or myself, or any one but you,—I wouldn't be sorry—but you, Maureen!—*me* to spill *your* blood!—oh! Mother of Heaven! what's come on me, at all!"

"Here's my hand, Shan! I'm not angry with you," said Maureen, making an effort to speak. Wildly and eagerly Shan seized the outstretched hand and sank on his knees as he passionately murmured:

"If God only spares your life, Maureen! I'll give you up to *him*, or any one you choose—an' och! but that's the hard sayin', pulse of my heart you were!"

"God bless you, Shan aroon!" said Maurcen as her brothers forced him away, "don't be hard on him, boys! the worst is his own! Father dear! take me home!—there's a weakness comin' over me!—oh! sure, sure, you'll not let them harm him?"

"Achorra machree, no!—don't be afeard—if *you* wish it, we'll not cross you!" said the old man bending fondly over her, and his tears fell warm on her beautiful face that was every moment growing paler and more death-like. "Sure there's ne'er a man in the Claddagh, darlin', let alone your father, that wouldn't do your biddin'."

"Go and get them away, then," whispered the girl, "I'm in dread for him while they're so near!" The fishermen, hearing from their Admiral what they considered Maureen's last request, one and all prepared to comply, and that with a heavy heart. Slowly and sadly they turned their prows homewards, leaving the luckless trawler to follow with its precious freight. Fitzstephen sat on the deck with Maureen's head resting on his bosom, while Randal, on bended knees beside his daughter, held her hand in his and watched every change in her color, every motion of her features, with a tenderness which could hardly be expected from him.

Fitzstephen said little, but many thoughts and emotions were at work within him as he gazed on the marble face that lay all but motionless on his arm. When the boat touched the strand, and his mother rushed to clasp him to her bosom, he barely returned her fervent greeting, then said in a low, earnest whisper as he pointed to Maureen: "Mother, I bring you another daughter!—she has purchased my love with her blood, and from this day forward she is the dearest thing on earth to me!—pray that she may be spared to me!"

"I acknowledge her claim, my son," said the agitated mother, and stooping she kissed Maureen's cheek. The girl opened her eyes and a faint smile passed over her wan features.

All at once there rose from Fitzstephen's boat a wild and piercing cry. Maureen, as if some fearful presentiment struck her heart, raised her head and looked up wildly in Fitzstephen's face. "It's Brian, sir!" she almost shricked, "It's my poor Brian—*he's dead*—or something bad has happened him!—wait! wait!—I can't leave him!—oh! how could I forget him?

Fitzstephen strove to soothe her but all in vain. She struggled to free herself from his grasp, and he was obliged to summon her father and brothers to his aid. They bore Maureen to her home faint and exhausted with her recent emotion, and well for them that they got her housed so soon, for in a few moments the lifeless form of Brian Kineely was carried past—not to his own cottage but to Shan Driscoll's, for fear of the shock being as fatal to poor More as Maureen's supposed death had been to him. Weak and wasted as the brave fellow was, the sudden annihilation of his dearest hopes in regard to Maureen chilled his heart's blood, and when the pistol went off and he heard her cry of anguish echoed from all around, that faithful heart broke on the instant he made one step towards her whom he had loved so well, but that step was his last—he gasped, his head reeled and he fell on the deck unheeded by all in that moment of awe and terror and confusion.

"Ho! ho! ho!" croaked old Aileen as she gathered herself up and toddled along after the last mournful procession, "ho! ho! ho! didn't I know it bravely that there 'id be a stir the day!—hould your whist, Nanno! what's the use of cryin'?—sure we all have to go some day or another!—Brian and Maureen!—Brian and Maureen! well it's quare, too, if they're both gone together!—Nanno!" raising her voice as she saw the child hurrying along after the crowd. But Nanno did not choose to hear her. Frightened and grieved she hardly knew why, her only anxiety was to get sight of Maureen and know what it was that ailed her.

(*To be concluded in our next*)

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

Messrs Hickson and Co., Belfast, have laid down the keel of a large iron clipper Indiaman, which, it is stated, will register upwards of 900 tons. She will shortly be in frame. The enlargement and repair of the paddle-wheel steamer Troubadour, on the patent slip, are in a forward state. Messrs. M'Laine have commenced finishing their beautiful first-class clipper barque which will likely be launched in about two months; and Mr. A. Connell has a pretty schooner in frame.—*Belfast News-Letter.*

Carlow.

Tullow fair was one of the best that took place in the neighboring districts for some time. The number of graziers who attended from Dublin, Meath, Kildare, Carlow, and the Queen's County, has not been equalled since the year 1856. Every description of stock brought remunerating prices. Cows averaged from £10 10s. to £14; two year old bullocks, from £9 to £11; three-year olds, from £12 to £14 5s.; yearlings, £4 10s. to £5 10s.; yearling heifers, £5 10s. to £6 10s.; fat stock (scarce) averaged from 50s. to 60s. per cwt.; sheep (scarce) rated fully 7d. to 8d. per lb.; lambs from £1 4s.; pork was advancing, and rated at about 48s. per cwt. —*Sentinel.*

The contract for the erection of the Bagenalstown Gas Works has been taken by the Messrs. Joshua Edmundson and Co., of Capel street, Dublin, who intend to commence operations without delay.—*Ibid.*

Cavan.

The annual theatrical amusements given by the students of the Kilmore Academy came off on the nights of the 8th and 9th of April. There were present the most respectable of the inhabitants of Cavan, Catholic and Protestant. The stage, which was erected in one of the spacious halls of the academy, was tastefully fitted up. The hall was decorated with evergreens, and now and then as the burning chandeliers shed their lights around, many a national emblem or motto met the eye of the spectator. The plays selected were the tragedies of "Brutus" and "Macbeth," pieces heavy and difficult indeed for amateurs. Notwithstanding, the young men sustained their puzzling parts with an ease and ability truly surprising. The Cavan Militia band, who kindly offered their services, filled up the vacant moments with the sweetest national airs.

Clare.

The Poor Law Commissioners have refused to entertain the application of the Corofin Board of Guardians requesting them to sanction a reduction of their medical officers. The Commissioners state that they consider the amount not unreasonable when contrasted with the responsibilities of the position.—*Munster News.*

Cork.

In the *Liverpool Mercantile Gazette*, in the report of the cargo of the ship Albion just arrived from Melbourne, we find 378 firkins of butter. It was the large and continued export a few years ago to Australia that first considerably advanced the price of butter; however for the past few months that demand has considerably fallen away, and but for the scarcity of Dutch butter causing an active inquiry for Irish in the English market, prices could not have been so high as they have ruled since the cessation of the Australian orders.—*Reporter.*

The number of paupers at present receiving relief in Clonakilty union, who became chargeable at any time on their removal from England or Scotland, are 19; of these not originally belonging to the union, 2; born in London, 3; born in the union, 14. The ages of the three born in London are 18, 13, 12, respectively.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of £2 for the Donegal Fund—the contribution of the Countess D'Andries, of Canaes, in France, handed to us by the Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick, P.P., Midleton.—*Examiner.*

Down.

The works on the extension line to Downpatrick and Ballynahinch are rapidly approaching completion. On that portion of the line between Comber and Ballynahinch, the masonry is nearly finished, and but a short length of permanent way remains to be laid. The line to Ballynahinch will be open for traffic in a few weeks.

Dublin.

A memorial from the Lansdowne tenantry to their landlord, and the reply of the marquis, has been published. The memorial is a clear and forcible statement of the greivances of the tenantry, who complain firstly, of excessive rents, exceeding Griffith's valuation by 25 or 30 per cent., and in some places more. The former agent to the estate, Mr. Hickson, and the present agent, Mr. Trench, had, according to the statement of the memorial, assured the tenantry that the Griffith's valuation, when completed, would be the rule of rent on the estates. Mr. Trench, at all events, had publicly committed himself to this principle in a letter written in 1850. The memorialists state that the Ordnance, or Griffith's valuation, is in fact a high valuation, and considerably beyond the old valuation previously in use throughout the district. Secondly, their rents have recently been raised without due notice, or any notice whatever, and they have been required to pay this increased rent, not only for the future, but, what seems quite unfair and illegal, for the past. Thirdly, the tenants complain of the insecurity of their tenure, as not only are they without leases, but their tenancy at will is purposely made more precarious and dependent by the ingenious expedient of ante-dating their rent receipts by one year, so that the legal grounds for a summary eviction may never be wanting. A series of petty interferences with the domestic affairs of the tenantry requiring them to have a license from the agent for the marriage of a son or daughter, (certainly a most impudent usurpation of an authority which the Crown itself has never pretended to, and which, if snbmitted to, would reduce the tenantry to the position of white niggers,) and forbidding them to give a night's hospitality, not merely to a stranger, but even to their own nearest relative. For violations of these rules fines are arbitrarily levied at the caprice of the agent; and though these things are manifestly unconstitutional and illegal, the tenantry had only the option of submitting, or quitting their holdings.—*Tablet.*

A meeting of members of Parliament was held at the House of Commons, Mr. Wynne, M.P., in the chair, for the purpose of considering the propriety of taking steps to obtain legislative relief from the evils of the existing poor removal law. The question was most fully discussed, and eventually a resolution was proposed by Mr. De Vere, and unanimously adopted, to the effect that Lord Derby be requested to grant an interview to the Irish members to enable thim to bring under his notice the admitted grievances arising from the existing law relative to the removal of Irish-born poor, and to request that he would introduce a measure for their repression.—*Ibid.*

The Irish people, though tardy in accomplishing their intention, are, nevertheless, surely paving the way to pay tribute to the memory of one of their proudest boasts, Oliver Goldsmith! The subscription list increases favorably. Doubtless the next consideration will be the site, which is so far settled, we believe, as to be at least within the precincts of the University; but even there one position may be better than another, and the proposed improvements will considerably influence the decision of the Committee. We may mention that the unsightly wall in College street is understood to be doomed, and to yield its place to a handsome railing; also, that the segmental area in front towards College-green is to be reduced, and an additional six feet, or thereabouts, thrown into the street.—*The Builder.*

The duty now on whiskey will be 10s. a gallon, and the cost of the article manufactured being from 3s. 2d. to 3s. 3d., the distillers have fixed their price at from 13s. 2d. to 13s. 3d. a gallon, and the retail dealers at 15s. The former distillery price was only 10s. 10d., and the retail price 12s. 6d. A general impression among the trade is that the increase of price will cause a considerable decrease in the consumption, and that will have a very serious effect in respect to the production of the article. It is also thought that it will effect the dairies to a large extent, for, owing to the manufactures being curtailed, they will not be able to get the same amount of wash and grains for the feeding of dairy cattle as at present.

In the House of Commons, Mr. William Fagan, of Cork, gave notice that he would bring under the attention of the House the report of her Majesty's Commissioners on the state, discipline, and revenue of Trinity College.

Messrs. Purdon, of the *Farmers' Gazette* have presented the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland with a challenge cup of 50 guineas, for the best collection of farming implements suited to the agriculture of Ireland.

Galway.

The Galway races came off on the Kiltulla course. The day was unusually fine. The course was in excellent condition, and the concourse of people of all classes was much larger than had been anticipated. The loveliness of the scene was much increased and the sports—which were excellent—greatly enhanced by the presence of an excellent German Band, who played many elegant tunes during the day. About half-past two o'clock the horses were brought to the starting post. The usual accidents and mishaps of course occurred to both the horses and their riders—some of the horses shying the leaps—and one lost the rider. A horse called Brilliant won the first heat. In the second heat Brilliant was also successful, although the general impression was that he would not be the winner. Brilliant cleared the third leap closely followed by Wonder and Fidget. At the last wall Wonder shyed, and consequently lost the race and cup. The prize for the second race was a lady's purse worth £5. Five horses started. The race was hotly and spiritedly contested; but was won by Master R. D. Burke, son of our fellow-citizen, E. C. Burke, Nile Lodge.

A poor man, named Connor, while in the act of packing a carload of seaweed, was precipitated over the quay. He was taken up immediately, but life was extinct.

Kilkenny.

The Soupers are still setting our city in a blaze of excitement. On Monday evening a crowd of boys and girls paraded the streets, carrying a banner on which was inscribed "Down with the Jumpers," when some of the police interfered to prevent the display. A crowd gathered immediately, and one of the Jumpers availed himself of the excitement to walk backwards and forwards through the crowd, as if to excite them still more by his hated presence. When the popular feeling was at its height, instead of walking home even then, he marched to the police barrack in James's street, followed by the crowd, and there he remained from seven to nine o'clock, till the Mayor, the Resident Magistrate, and several of the City Magistrates, with a large police force, escorted him to the Mission-house, in Wellington square. The object of the Soupers is to bring the police and people into collision; and certainly the conduct of the one-eyed missionary on last Monday evening, was calculated to produce the result. It would be well if all demonstration against the Soupers were laid aside, pending the application of the magistracy to the Lord Lieutenant, to put down street-preaching in Kilkenny.—*Journal.*

A meeting of the city of Kilkenny magistrates was held, for the pnrpose of taking counsel as to the best course to pursue with regard to the street preachers in the city, to prevent the occurrence of scenes similar to those which disgrace Belfast. His Worship the Mayor was in the chair. The County Inspector was also in attendance. It was decided that the depositions of the police with regard to the insulting nature of the language and mission of Souperism should be taken down and forwarded to the Lord Lieutenant, which was accordingly done, in order to give the executive authentic information on the subject. If something be not done soon, it will be impossible to preserve the peace of the city. One thing is certain, the people are resolved to submit to the insults of Souperism no longer; and when there's a will there's a way.—*Ibid.*

Judith Kealy, the oldest woman in Kilkenny, died a few days ago, in the lunatic asylum of this city, at the age of 110 years. —*Ibid.*

King's County.

At Moneygall Petty Sessions a woman, named Catherine Tierney, residing at Bushierstown, was charged with inoculating two children for the small pox. The case was clearly proved, but it appearing that the doctress had acted through ignorance, and having undertaken to give up such practice for the future, she was only sentenced to undergo an imprisonment of twenty-four hours in Parsonstown Bridewell.

Leitrim.

A young man named M'Dermod was returning from the market of Ballinamore, county Leitrim, when he was attacked by an unknown party, one of whom struck him with a loaded stick on the left side of the head. The fellow then ran off, leaving his innocent victim on the ground. M'Dermod was removed to his mother's house, distant one mile, where he struggled till Saturday last, when he breathed his last, leaving a destitute and widowed mother to lament the loss of him who was her only support and comfort.—*Meath People.*

Limerick.

A meeting of Major Gavin's friends took place at the the office of his conducting agent (Mr. John O'Donnell) when it was resolved to resist the return of Mr. Ball should the petition against the sitting member be successful; and a letter from the Major was read, stating that he would bear all the expenses of the petition.

There is now in the garrison of Limerick a private in the Royal Artillery, whose father was high sheriff of the county Tipperary, and proprietor of extensive landed property, which is transferred by the Incumbered Estates Court to industrious monied broad cloth farmers.—*Chronicle.*

It is stated that Counsellor Synan is to be a candidate for the representation of Limerick in the event of a vacancy.

Louth.

The Directors of the Dundalk Steampacket Company appointed Captain John Farrell of Dundalk, Captain of the Pride of Erin, in the room of the late lamented and gallant Captain Kelly. Captain Farrell is a gentleman of pleasing manners, good address and nautical experience, and we have no doubt will give satisfaction to the public and his employers.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

All the efforts made to discover the body of the late lamented Captain Kelly have proved unavailing. Nor have the bodies of seven of the crew of the Mary Stoddart, who were lost, been as yet found. The wrecked vessel has been sold, and the purchasers are making arrangements to remove her, and should that become impossible they will blow her up with powder.—*Ibid.*

We are glad to perceive that the sewerage improvements at present going on in Dundalk are progressing most rapidly under the superintendence of Mr. Neville, C. E., and that a large number of men are employed at them, who, at this season of the year, would be very near, if not altogether, idle.—*Ibid.*

Two new bridges are about being erected over the Boyne at Drogheda. It is contemplated to have a drawbridge on the site of the present one, and a second swivel or drawbridge convenient to the New Quay or the Linenhall, by which the shipping quays can be extended fully half a mile westward, where on one side of the river is a very populous district. This undertaking, once commenced, must serve the trade of Drogheda materially, and give employment to a great number of hands. Something of the kind is much wanted at present.

A large number of Drogheda handloom weavers have emigrated, we understand, to Dundee, in Scotland, where the trade is said to be much better than in Drogheda.

Mr. Nicholas Conroy of Dromiskin, has in his possession a sheep which, in 1856, produced three lambs; in 1857, three lambs; and in 1858, four lambs.

Roscommon.

The auction at Enfield came off lately, and was well attended. Nothing could exceed the completeness of all the arrangements, and not a moment was lost in substituting unsold for sold lots. Mr. Goslin, of Longford, bought 89 three year old heifers at £13 apiece; Mr. J. Glancy, 40 do. at £10. The latter gentleman bought 300 ewes at 50s. The hoggets went on an average about 36s. Three colts, 2 years old, by Barnaby, went £17 10s. each, and Mr. James Lynam gave £25 for a 3 year old do. The entire proceeds of the sale reached about £4,000. Messrs. Goslin and Glancy were the principal purchasers.—*Messenger.*

The Roscommon Militia is to be disbanded immediately. It will not be surprising if considerable difficulty hereafter occurs in raising regiments of militia, should such need be. The government which now disbands such soldiers may have yet occasion to think as those very statesmen did before, when their predecessors in office were adopting the course they themselves now follow, but then descried.—*Ibid.*

We regret to find that Capt. Johnston, of Moylurg, intends to leave for the present this part of the country. The absence of landed proprietors is at all times to be regretted; but particularly so in this instance —he, as an active and impartial magistrate, and as a kind and accommodating neighbor, cannot at this time be well spared.—*Boyle Gazette.*

We have to announce the death of Robert Elwood, Esq., of Knockadoo, near this town. His death was very unexpected.—*Ibid.*

Tipperary.

As Mr. Holland, steward to Thomas H. Watson, Esq., of Kilmanahan Castle, and his daughter, were returning from Clonmel to their residence, the animal attached to their car took flight and ran away. Mr. Holland was thrown violently off the car, and sustained some severe injuries. He is, however, progressing favorably. Miss Holland, we are happy to say, escaped entirely uninjured.—*Free Press.*

There is not a single house in the town of Tipperary to be let. It is now one of the most flourishing business places in Ireland.

Timothy Coonan, charged with the murder of Thomas Dwyer, near Nenagh, has been lodged in gaol.

The funeral cavalcade of Mr. Malcomson in Clonmel, on Monday, extended over 5 miles.

Waterford.

The new Directors of the Waterford and Limerick Railway Company have projected the erection of a bridge over the Suir, opposite Green Bank, at which place a red flag is placed as a mark. It is expected that the grand juries of Waterford and Kilkenny will lend the Company a helping hand. No doubt but Sir H. W. Barron, Mr. Edmond Power, J. P., Mr. Grubb and others will, as heretofore, lend their assistance to the movement.—*News.*

At Mr. Dobbyn's veterinary establishment, a groom named James Byrne received a kick from a horse called Czar, belonging to Mr. Prendergast, of Listerlin, in the county Kilkenny, and was sent to the Leper Hospital, where, on examination, it was found his lower jaw bone was fractured severely in the centre, and several of his teeth knocked out

A boy named Nicholas Power, about 14 years of age, who was attending Butlerstown School, was severely gored in the abdomen by a cow. He was conveyed to the Leper Hospital. His life is in very great danger.

DR. CAHILL'S LETTER.

THE KILKENNY SOUPERS AND CAPTAIN HELSHAM AGAIN.

I shall divide the article which I am now about to write into four parts. Firstly, I shall make extracts from the Protestant press of Kilkenny, from the magistrates' court of Kilkenny, and from the public testimony of the Protestants of Kilkenny (the clergy excepted), to show the new description of blasphemous fun which the Souper-mission publishes every day at the doors of the citizens of Kilkenny. Secondly, I shall call the attention of the people of Ireland of all classes to the masterly letter of Captain Helsham, and which is judiciously addressed to the Protestants of England. Thirdly, I shall contrast the law in England with the legal decisions in Ireland in reference to the Souper nuisance. And lastly, I shall make some extracts from the speech of the Bishop of Exeter, delivered in the House of Lords on last Thursday night, where the Bishop deplores, but acknowledges, the almost total extinction of Protestantism in London, and in all the manufacturing towns in England. The present scenes daily enacted in the streets of Kilkenny are so stunningly disgraceful to the clerical abettors of Souperism that no enemy to Protestanism could desire any consummation more heartfully than the continuance of this Gospel pantomime in the city. But no generous Catholic can enjoy this degradation of local Protestantism; no religious Catholic can feel pleasure in the increasing contempt which this hired hypocrisy accumulates at the doors of the Protestant Cathedral of the city; and no learned Catholic can look on without regret at a system which gibes the whole Gospel, and which goes to remove the very landmarks of our common Christianity. From the commencement of this English money scheme of bribing the Irish into Protestanism, no man who had read the history of our country, or who knew the character of our faithful poor people, could have the least doubt of its rapid failure. We have been accustomed for centuries to this national English turpitude of preaching their Gospel. We are long familiar with their laws of national spoliation in the cause of their religion; we know well their bills of attainder; their fines of recusancy; their plans of forfeiture; their crimsoned penal statutes; their charter houses; their fondling houses; their persecutions through all ranks, from the Catholic Peer to the Catholic scullion; their exclusion of all Catholic trade, from the Catholic merchant down to the poor Catholic semstress in the garret; down to the poor Catholic washerwoman in the cellar; and hence we were perfectly aware that the end of the street-humbug would be marked with the same ignominy of all its predecessors; and therefore we had no fear for our Irish children. We knew too, that we preached from the same altar, beneath which our ancestors are buried; that we held in our hands the same Pastoral staff with which they protected their flocks; and we have been well trained in the victorious art of slaying the wolves that threaten the sleepless shepherds of the old Catholic fold. No, no, we had no fear for our people; we knew that bribery, perjury and malice were the weapons of crime, and could never succeed against the armor of truth, conscience and charity. No, no, no, but we feared (as was the fact) that in the conflict, persecution from the enemy would fill the poorhouse, the churchyard and the emigrant ship; and we anticipated in just terror as now realized in Kilkenny, that English infidelity would be imported with the hideous-hired agents of Exeter Hall; and the vice of the English towns, and the blasphemies of the English metropolis would follow in the track of the Biblical slanderers. Respect for public virtue might urge the propriety of passing unnoticed the present disgrace of this Souper band; but yet there is a duty due to religion and to morality at home and abroad, to publish the origin and the failure of a scheme of apostacy which has cost English bigotry nearly half a million of money, and which has spread throughout Ireland the seeds of social discord, and irradicable religious animosity. I hall now proceed to adduce the extracts referred to in the beginning of this communication.

Firstly—The following extract is taken from the *Kilkenny Moderator*, a high Protestant Provincial Journal:

People complain to us of the beating of old kettles and pots by mobs of urchins after the street preachers, as an intolerable annoyance—and a great public annoyance it is certainly; but in candor these persons must admit the annoyance on the other side of having men, ostensibly in the name of religion, ranting and bellowing through the thoroughfares at the top of their voices for hours together.

Four months ago the Rev. J. L. Drapes, in a letter printed in our columns, stated (as we believed in deference to the Lord Bishop of Ossory) that he had given directions that street preaching should not take place on the part of the agents of the Society for Irish Church Missions in Kilkenny; but Mr. Mairs, their local lay superintendent, who seems to have considered his special mission here to be the bringing the Society into as much odium as possible amongst the Protestant community. . . . . If the Society means to persevere in the suicidal course of continuing this man in Kilkenny, it is to be hoped that—if he be amenable to any kind of authority, which, however, we very much doubt—they will compel him to demean himself with *some consideration for public propriety*.

The next extract is taken from the letter of Captain Helsham, viz.:

In the Apostles' creed *we* (Protestants) declare, "that we believe in God and in His only Son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the VIRGIN Mary." This is the Protestant faith.

The paid unordained Irish street missionaries take upon themselves to denounce this acknowledged truth to be a falsehood; and thus they belie our Protestant faith; and they apply epithets to the mother of man's Redeemer *unfit* for publication, and too *horrible* for the pen to trace. *These shocking facts are of daily occurrence in the streets and outlets of our city.*

The next extract is taken from the private letter of a gentleman from the county of Kilkenny, a high Protestant, who states—

That on coming into the city he stood to listen to one of these street preachers, when to his horror he heard language applied to the Virgin Mary which surpassed in *outrageous indecency* anything he had ever conceived it possible for a Christian man to utter.

Hence the whole city, Catholic and Protestant, feel goaded to uncontrollable anger, at the incredible conduct of these agents; and the public voice demands their removal, if necessary, by main force from the city; hence the *Kilkenny Journal* has the following short paragraph on the street fun which accompanies these apostates wherever they go:

DRUMMING THE SOUPERS.—The boys and girls of the city escort the "Missionaries" daily with various musical instruments such as gongs, tin cans, triangles and drums, to the total discomfiture of this pious fraternity.

But it is not only the unmistakable blasphemy that they utter which covers their supporters with the cry of public shame; but it is in addition the civil strife, the civic contention which they call forth wherever they walk through the town. The reader cannot avoid being astonished at hearing that two policemen follow these men in their daily path of religious malignity, protecting them in their falsehood, and guarding them in their slander of our common faith. This most strange guard of honor given to these men can, I dare say, be accounted for by the taxpayers, and by the Grand Jury of Kilkenny; but beyond doubt this sanctioned insult to Catholics, this military salute given to blasphemy is, perhaps, as outrageous in its way as "the outrageous indecency" complained of by the Protestant gentleman just quoted. But the reader will be further enlightened on this point when he learns that there are Souper *policemen* in Kilkenny; and policemen who are, moreover, so hardy in their knowledge of the power in their hands, given to them by *their friends at their back*, that they stand in open court with Souper defiance, and with uplifted head and loud voice of authority, snub a whole bench of Catholic magistrates!! The following extract from the *Kilkenny Journal* will establish very satisfactorily the truth of this singular police discipline:

THE CASE OF SOUPER CONSTABLE FLYNN *v.* JOSEPH DELANY.

Magistrates present—The Mayor and Mr. Hart; and subsequently, Mr. E. Smithwick, Mr. Cullen, and Mr. Potter. The court was crowded. The plaintiff was asked to state his case.

Constable Flynn—I was on duty to-day in Black Mill street, attending Mr. Mairs and the other preachers, as usual. The boy Delany was passing, and assaulted Mr. White.

The Mayor—How did he assault him?

Flynn—He threw a donkey at him. (Roars of Laughter.)

The Mayor—How far did he throw the donkey?

Flynn—A couple of yards. (Laughter, and groans for the Soupers.)

Mr. Hart—Is White here to prosecute the boy?

Flynn—He declines to prosecute.

The Mayor—Then as there is no charge against him he is discharged.

Mr. Hart—Is there any other business to be done?

Flynn—Yes. I have a charge against this man (the boy's father) for assault and attempt at rescue. When I took the boy into custody, this man came up and said I should let him go. He caught me by the band on the arm, but did not break it, or do me any injury. I was obstructed by Mr. Daniel Smithwick.

Mr. D. Smithwick—Remember what you say with regard to obstruction.

Flynn—I am minding what I say; I repeat the word obstruction. You came to me while I had the prisoner in charge, and wanted me to let him go.

Mr. Hart—You suffered no injury whatever from Mr. Delany?

Flynn—None; but I suppose——

The Mayor—You are not to suppose anything; tell us what you know, and let us have none of your suppositions.

Mr. Hart—Was he justified in arresting the boy at first, when there was no charge against him, and when no complaint was made by the person alleged to have been assaulted?

Head Constable—It was never adopted before, except in cases where the name was not known.

Flynn—He did not tell me the name.

Mr. Smithwick—If I did not, you knew me.

Flynn—You excited the crowd worse than they were by your obstruction.

Mr. Smithwick—The crowd was there before I remonstrated; and as I was known to the police, and as they knew my feelings towards them during my mayoralty last year in making their duty light whenever I could, I thought that not a single policeman would refuse me any reasonable favor that I would ask.

Head-Constable—You certainly deserve the gratitude of the police for your kindness and courtesy toward them *during your mayoralty*; and I am sure that they are animated by the best feelings towards you.

Constable Devally also paid a high tribute to Mr. Smithwick on the part of the police.

Mr. Smithwick—It is really too bad if things are allowed to go on in this way. This Souperism is a disgraceful nuisance, which keeps the city in a state of constant excitement.

Mr. Cullen put a question to Sub-Constable Clellan, when Flynn had *the audacity* to prompt him in a whispering manner in open court.

The Mayor—How dare you prompt the witness, sir?

Mr. D. Smithwick—I would not have interfered at all, but that I expected he would at once acquiesce in my suggestion and let the prisoner go, in order to allay the excitement. I certainly thought no policeman would refuse me.

A Voice—No one, except Flynn.

Sub-Constable Armstrong was examined, but his evidence contained nothing new. He said White was not hurt, and that he made no complaint whatever.

Mr. Hart—The boy is dismissed as there is no charge against him—let Delany be summoned if there be a charge against him.

Flynn—I'll proceed, I want summonses for this man and Mr. Smithwick also.

The Mayor—I'll not sign them; go to Mr. Hort, R.M.

Flynn—I see you are all against me—you refuse to sign summonses.

Mr. Edmond Smithwick—Take care of what you say, sir; how dare you address a Bench of Magistrates in that way.

Head Constable—Mr. Hort will sign them.

Mr. Potter, J.P., (who had not been present at the early stage of the proceedings,) inquired what the boy had done in the first instance

The Mayor—Flynn says that he threw an ass at the Soupers! (Great laughter and hisses.)

Mr. E. Smithwick—It is a great hardship on the police to be attending those fellows in their missionary perambulations; *it is a frightful employment.*

Head Constable—*The police feel it as much as any one else.*

The Magistrates present, however, would not sign the summonses, unless Mr. Hort refused to do so, in which case they would sign them. The proceedings then terminated, and the crowd retired groaning for the Soupers.

The above extract speaks for itself, and will prove more cogently than any remarks from me the scandalous state of society, socially, politically, and religiously, which now prevails in Kilkenny, through the conduct of these wretched soupers and their clerical superiors. The case, as it stands now, is one which degrades the Protestant Church in Kilkenny, which is resisted by the most respectable class of Protestants in the city, which is viewed with contempt by the first men in the county, and which is the source of immeasurable fun and irrepressible frolic to all the poor Catholics of the diocese of Ossory.

Secondly—In reference to the police law of England, all who read newspapers must recollect the summary silence which the Lord Mayor of London put on the souper preachers of London, during the past year, by removing them from all the city *thoroughfares*, and by expelling them totally from the Park! And the extract which follows will show the discipline of the Liverpool police in their regard, enforced by Mr. Mansfield, the stipendiary magistrate there:

STREET PREACHING.—Thomas Crossley, a rough looking young fellow, was brought up, charged by officer 597 with having disturbed a street preacher, on Sunday night. The officer stated that, on Sunday evening, a street preacher was holding forth to "a highly respectable congregation," in Islington Old Market, when the prisoner came up, and, after listening for some time he cried out, "D——l your eyes, you're a b——y old liar." There were complaints made of this language, and the officer arrested him. Mr. Mansfield said the man had been improperly taken into custody Street preachers were *in a different position* from the clergy preaching or officiating *in the churches* of established communities. If those choose to stand forth in the streets, and enunciate their own peculiar doctrines, others were at liberty to stand forth and contradict them. *The prisoner must be discharged.*—*Liverpool Daily Post*, April 13.

Thirdly—I must say, on referring to the letter of Captain Helsham, that I have seldom, perhaps never, read any public document which appears before me under such favorable and distinguished circumstances. Captain Helsham has rescued the character of high Protestantism in Kilkenny from the dishonor of opprobrious Souperism; and he has added a fresh claim to the public respect which the laborious studies of his youth, and the accomplished career of his maturer years, have earned and won from all those who have been familiar with his name, or have been honored by his acquaintance. Captain Helsham is a Protestant; and hence because he demands respect for the religious convictions of his own creed, he extends with a generous and a congruous liberality the same license to the conscientious feelings of others. The remonstrance to Dr. O'Brien from the Protestants of Kilkenny, and from such a man as Captain Helsham, was a noble act; his kind compliment to the teaching of the Catholic priest is a graceful picture; and it is well executed; his observations on the religious training of the children of the poor are expressed with an honorable force and feeling; while his scathing denunciations of the vice and the ignorance of some parts of England will long preserve the name of the writer in cherished remembrance with his Catholic fellow-countrymen. I have reason to know that his letter to the Lord Lieutenant has already been attended with beneficial consequences; and that the remonstrance of that letter will be duly attended to.

Fourthly—While a society in England gives £39,000 a year to demoralize the Irish by bribery and apostacy, hear the Bishop of Exeter, in the House of Lords, on Friday night, the 23d of April, deploring the threatened extinction of Protestantism in London and all the manufacturing towns! From statistics which the Bishop held in his hand, and which he stated, namely:

There was no place for the poor in the English churches!

The poor were never, therefore, seen in the Protestant Church!

Amongst the rich wealthy Protestants, only *ten persons* in every hundred attended church in some churches; thirteen in other districts; and sixteen was the highest number, on the average, which attended Protestant worship, on Sundays, in the towns and cities of England!

In a parish of a thousand souls, only one hundred people attend! according to the Bishop; but I beg leave to inform the Bishop, from official statistics before the British public, that fifty persons is the average congregation seen on Sundays in the churches in the city of London! The *Moderator* has well expressed the Souper movement as suicidal to the interests of Protestantism; and the word is strictly correct, since it has provoked inquiry into the creed and practices of England, resulting in the public acknowledged fact that the churches are deserted, and that universal indifferentism, infidelity, and reckless immorality and crime have covered the entire face of the country. The Bishop, in alluding to the conduct of the clergy, quoted Milton, as aptly expressing his own opinions, in that passage where the epic poet describes the descent of the fallen angels into hell. And I shall conclude, following a Bishop's example, with the Bishop's own quotation—namely:

He feared that we were a people who worshipped Mammon,
"Mammon, the least erect spirit that fell
From Heav'n, for e'en in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific."

D. W. C.

Thursday, April 29.

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

At the Catholic Church, Dundalk, by the Very Rev. Dean Kieran, Matthew D'Arcy, Esq., J.P., of Carlingford, to Mary, daughter of the late Dr. O'Brien, of Dundalk.

April 27, in the Catholic Church of St. Paul, by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, Richard, son of Thos. Kelly, Esq., to Bedella, daughter of James Whelan, Esq., both of Dublin.

April 24, at the Catholic Church, Sixmilebridge, P. J. Kelly, Esq., M.D., Fortview, county Clare, to Mary, daughter of Solomon Frost, Esq., Rosemanaher House.

At St Paul's Church, Arran quay, Dublin, Mr. Joseph Murphy, of Ellis's quay, to Miss Savage, stepdaughter of Alderman Reynolds.

April 22, in Powerscourt Church, Douglas Nicholson, Esq., of The Glen, in the county Sligo, to Cecilia, daughter of John Steele Porter, Esq., of Londonderry.

In Rathmines Chapel, Mr. J. O'Brien, of Rathmines, to Frances, daughter of Mr. Laurence M'Nally, late of William street, Dublin.

April 15, at St. Anne's Church, Dublin, Edward J. Purcell, of Tralee, to Eleanor, daughter of Thomas Wann, Esq., Vermont, Belfast.

At Cahirnarry, Matthew Shine, of Coolyhenane House, to Elizabeth Mary, daughter of the late Vere Hunt, Esq., Friarstown, county Limerick.

April 24, in St. Anne's Church, Belfast, Mr. James Wagner, of Dunmanway, to Lizzie Jane, daughter of the late Cunningham M'Tear, Esq., of Belfast.

April 24, in the Catholic Church, Outerard, Nicholas Wall, Esq., of Waterford, to Louisa, daughter of Edmond O'Flaherty, Esq., of Outerard, county Galway.

April 22, at Glendermott, Thomas Waring, Esq., of Waringstown, county Down, to Esther, daughter of Ross T. Smyth, of Ardmore, Esq.

At Anaghlone Catholic Church, by the Rev J. Mooney, Mr. James Clarke, of Liverpool, to Mary, daughter of Mr. James M'Mahon, of Lisnasliggan, Anaghlone.

DEATHS.

April 21, at Latimerstown, county Wexford, Bessie wife of Wm. Allen, Esq.

At The Cottage, Lismore, Miss Honora Bennett, aged 80 years.

At Lismaine Cottage, county Kilkenny, Anne, wife of Captain Nicholas Cahill.

At Ramoan, county Antrim, Admiral John Surman Carden.

At his father's residence, Jervis street, Dublin, aged 22 years, William John Chamberlain, assistant to the late Mr. Little, who was murdered at the Broadstone Terminus.

April 22 at Carn Cottage, county Cavan, Captain Robert Clifford, J.P.

April 28, at 4 Linenhall street, Dublin, Mr. Thomas Codd, in the 65th year of his age.

In Anne street, Clonmel, Robert, son of Wm. Constable, Esq., aged 20 years.

At Waterville, aged 88 years, Lucy, relict of Adjutant Conway, 4th Regiment Irish Brigade.

April 23, at Paris, Robert C. Cope, Esq., of Loughgall, county Armagh.

In Fethard, Mr. James Corcoran, Ordnance Contractor.

At Wicklow, in her 86th year, Charlotte, relict of Capt. James Edwards.

April 18, at Hassop park, Eyrecourt, Thomas Gibson, son of John Eyre, Esq.

At Clonmel, Anne, wife of Charles Fennell, Esq.

At Ringaskiddy, Paul Fogerty, Esq., of Cork.

April 21, at Strand Villa, Bray, the wife of Lieutenant Forbes, R.N.

At Kingstown, Mr. John Gibney.

April 28, at 8 Pembroke quay, Dublin, in his 64th year, Mr. Patrick Glynn.

April 26, at Dundrum, Letitia, daughter of Godfrey Greene, and granddaughter of the late John Greene, of Greenville, county Kilkenny.

April 22, at Montpelier, south of France, Thomas Patrick, son of Thomas Hammond, of Sheep House, county Meath, aged 25 years.

At Blackditch, Newtownmountkennedy, Eleanor, relict of Dudley Harricks, Esq.

April 27, at 45 Cecil street, Limerick, Mrs. Lowe, wife of Thos. Lowe.

At St. David's, North Circular road, Dublin, the Rev. Joseph Lynch, brother of the Rev. James Lynch, Castleknock, and of the Rev. Canon Lynch, Westland row.

On April 22d, at Eyre square, Galway, of fever, in the 20th year of his age, Robert, son of Mr. M'Allister, Stationer to the Midland Great Western Railway Company.

April 22, in Eyre street, Galway, after a short illness, Lambert Mahon, Esq.

At Prospect, Waterford, James Allen Meritt, Esq., deeply regretted.

At Victoria terrace, Limerick, Matthew Moore, Esq.

In Tipperary, P. Morressey, Esq., son of Doctor Morressey.

April 25, at 129 Stephen's green, Dublin, James George Murphy, J.P., The Grange, county Meath.

In Clonmel, Thomas Murray, Esq.

At Moyola Lodge, county Londonderry, in the 36th year of his age, Herbert Taylor Ottley, Esq.

April 19, at Moycullen House, county Galway, Mr. William Persse.

April 17, at Haslar Hospital, Edmond Purcell, son of John Francis Purcell, Esq., M.D., medical inspector, Carrick-on-Suir.

At Mount Russell, county Limerick, Jas. Russell, Esq.

At Kingstown, Anastasia, daughter of Mr. Irwin Smyth, after a long and painful illness.

April 21, Catherine, relict of Captain David Williams, and daughter of the late John Duffy, Esq., of Dundalk.

At Frankfort, county Cork, James Ludlow Stawell Sealy, late Lieutenant in the 9th Foot.

April 19, at her residence, Castledermot, Miss Julia Hoey, aged 24 years, sincerely regretted by her numerous friends.

April 16, at Erindale, county Carlow, George Bagot, Esq., aged 82 years.

OPENING OF THE CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION, BRIDGE STREET, WEXFORD.

[From the Wexford People.]

The throwing open the portals of this magnificent structure erected to the worship of the living God, is an event which has been hailed with holy enthusiasm by every inhabitant in whose soul there exists a spark of Catholicity, and Sunday, April 18, 1858, is an epoch in the annals of Wexford to be remembered with joy and thanksgiving by generations yet unborn.

The interior of the Church measures in length 130 feet, and in width 60 feet, but the length, out and out, including the tower, is 166 feet. The height of the ridge pole of the roof is 70 feet, that of the spire 222 feet from the ground. The painting of the ceiling is in the mediæval decorative style of the fourteenth century. The "Devereux Altar" in the south aisle of the Lady's Chapel represents the divine mystery of the Annunciation, and the coronation of the Blessed Virgin in Heaven, and is executed in the most exquisite manner by Messrs. Lane and Lewis, of Birmingham.

The vestments worn on this solemn occasion —which are of the most costly texture—as also the Chalice, are all gifts of the late Countess of Shrewsbury, and were on this day used for the first time. The Bishop's throne was erected at the left hand side of the High Altar. The choicest flowers of the season were tastefully arranged in rich vases, and placed on the High and Side Altars, filling the air with oderiferous fragrance. Carpets of the richest description covered the floor of the sanctuary, and the High Altar was lighted up in a beautiful manner.

At 11 o'clock his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Furlong, robed in full pontificals, entered from the sacristy, accompanied by the clergy who were to take part in the Divine Mysteries about to be celebrated.

The Church being blessed—his Lordship was conducted to the throne, and being seated High Mass was commenced — Celebrant, the Rev. James Roche, P.P., the Founder of the Church. After the Communion, the Celebrant of the High Mass, Rev. James Roche, P.P., ascended the pulpit.

THE SERMON.

"Glory be to God in the highest, and on the earth peace to men of good will."—*St. Luke, chap.* 2, *v* 14.

My Lord, my Very Reverend Brethren, and my dearly beloved People—On this day we commence a new epoch in the history of Wexford. To-day for the first time since the year of our Lord 1691—to-day for the first time within the last 167 years, has the parish priest of Wexford the comfort of celebrating Mass in his own Parochial Church. Permit me, then, in the first place, to call your attention to a few of the motives which should induce us to thank God, and to praise Him and to glorify Him for the mercies which He has shown to us in the erection of our new Temples, and in the second place we shall consider, how we are to evince our gratitude to God for these mercies which he has manifested in our regard.

At the commencement of the great schism of the 16th century there were seventeen churches in the town of Wexford, including the suburbs and country which belong to what is now called the Parish of Wexford. These churches were dismantled by the ruthless hand of the destroyer, and in some cases not a stone was allowed to stand upon a stone. In the year 1691 only two were standing—the Franciscan Church, which stood on the site of the present one, and the Parochial Church which stood between the town wall and that part of High street which is near the Theatre. At this time the Parochial Church tottered and fell. The parish priest could not think of rebuilding, for an act of Parliament was passed that there should be no Popish Mass House inside the walls of a corporate town. He accordingly applied to the Guardian of the Convent for leave to officiate in the Franciscan Church which stood outside the walls. This leave was kindly given, and then eleven parish priests in succession, including my unworthy self, continued to officiate there. To-day for the first time since the year 1691, has the parish priest of Wexford the pleasure of offering the Holy Sacrifice in his own Parochial Church. We have lived in better times than these in which our fathers lived.

This time seven years the spot on which we are now assembled was a portion of a green field, but on to-day we can say with the Psalmist, "I rejoiced at the things that were said to me, we shall go into the house of the Lord." On June 27th, 1851, your venerable predecessor, my Lord, blessed the first stone, but now what do we behold. A Church, not a Basilica, not a Cathedral Church, nor one of the largest Parochial churches, but yet one of the most beautiful in the world. Who is there approaching Wexford by land or sea that will not be struck by the view of our noble spires pointed towards heaven, and (to adopt the sentiment of the Archbishop of New York) as if pleading to God that he might pardon the sins of the earth, like lightning rods turning aside or at least suspending the divine vengeance against the iniquities of the world. Who shall enter this sacred edifice and can view without emotion those majestic pillars, reminding us of the words of Jesus Christ to Peter, "Thou art Peter, and on this Rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Who built this Church? God Almighty. "Unless the Lord build the House, in vain do they labor that build it." We had no Tyrian fleets, no royal mules to draw stones from the neighboring mountains. It is true we have already expended upwards of FIFTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS; it is true we received nearly SEVEN THOUSAND POUNDS from the generous people of Wexford. It is true we received upwards of EIGHT THOUSAND POUNDS from the world at large, from friends in the different provinces of Ireland, in Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, London and other parts of Great Britain—in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Turkey, Russia and other parts of Europe—in the Himalaya Mountains, Bombay and other parts of Asia —in Sydney, Bathurst and other parts of New South Wales—in Melbourne and parts of Victoria—in a few parts of Africa, in Buenos Ayres, Lima, Callao and other parts of South America —in British America the United States, Newfoundland and other islands of the ocean—but it was God who inspired the faith, and charity, and cheerfulness which animated those tens of thousands of benefactors throughout the globe. Oh, how many sinners will be converted in this Church by the preaching of the Gospel, by prayers and sacrifices offered for them. How many will enter this Temple in sin, and will go down to their homes absolved and justified. Thousands will be baptized in this Church, thousands will be confirmed, thousands will receive here the Bread of Angels, and the Wine of Virgins—thousands not yet born will be joined in the holy rite of matrimony in this Church.

Now how are we to show our gratitude to the Almighty for these His mercies. Whenever we enter this Temple we should take care to do so with devotion of body and mind. "Reverence my Sanctuary, I am the Lord." Jacob, when he saw a ladder reaching from the earth to heaven, angels ascending and descending, and God Almighty leaning on the top of the ladder, exclaimed, "How terrible is this place! this is the house of God, and the gate of Heaven." We find that the profanation of the Temple is declared by Jeremiah to be one of the causes of the Babylonian captivity. Babylon itself was ruined too by the Medes—and this ruin was the "vengeance of the Lord," the "vengeance of His Temple." The Redeemer never used a scourge but to scourge the profaners of His Temple. When he was reviled, He did not revile, when he suffered, He threatened not, but gave His body to the strikers and His cheeks to them that plucked them, and turned not away His face from them that spat upon Him. When He was scourged at the pillar, He was silent, when He was crucified, He was silent, but the moment the Temple is profaned, He becomes accuser, judge and executioner. "It is written, my House is the House of Prayer." If such were His anger when a Temple was profaned, where nothing but the blood of goats and oxen was offered up, what must not be His indignation when irreverence is offered to a Temple where the blood of the Immaculate Lamb is offered up? We should also enter the House of God with interior devotion. I do not mean to say that in order to be admitted to enter this house it is necessary to have a conscience free from the guilt of mortal sin. No, the greater the sinner is the greater the need he has of entering the Temple of Mercy. This is the Hospital in which he is to be cured. This House is the refuge of Sinners. But I assert, however, that to enter this House without laying aside all affection to sin—without any desire of conversion—without any desire to become good, is to profane the House of God, to outrage the majesty of God, to insult the ministry of the Priest, and to become an anathema and impostor before God. As often therefore as we enter this Temple, let us give glory to God on High, and let us endeavor to be in peace with God, peace with every neighbor, and peace with ourselves.

I have now done. To the immortal king of ages, the omnipotent God, be everlasting honor and eternal glory. To all assembled here today who complied with the usual conditions, His Holiness grants a plenary indulgence. The Right Rev. successor of St. Aidan who has condescended this day to honor us by his presence—before his promotion to the episcopacy as well as since, assisted our undertaking by subscriptions, and by many kind and cheering words, when perhaps otherwise I might be tempted to be sad. To the Most Rev. Archbishops and Bishops, to the Very Rev. Clergymen, Regular and Secular, to all our benefactors in this parish, and throughout the world many, many, many thanks and good remembrance. Some of our benefactors are dead, may God rest their souls, and let perpetual light shine unto them. To the Friars of the Franciscan Convent of Wexford, who gave the use of their Church to the parochial clergy, and their flocks, for the space of 167 years—peace to the souls of those who are dead—on those who are living, may God bestow His choicest blessings. The architects, the artists, the tradesmen, and the laborers, all who were engaged in the work from its commencement. They all gave me and the public every satisfaction in the execution of their task—may God bless them. Thank God, not a single fatal accident occurred even to one, from the beginning to the end!

The reverend preacher was heard with the greatest ease in all parts of the sacred edifice. At the conclusion of the sermon, High Mass was proceeded with, and at its close his Lordship gave the priests and people his blessing.

On the following Sunday, April the 25th, a second Catholic edifice, the Church of the Assumption, in Rowe street, was also opened with the usual ceremonies attendant on so auspicious an event.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW GUN.—The construction of a certain kind of gun under the personal surveillance of the Emperor has been much talked of amongst officers of the French army. So important was the observance of secrecy considered by the Emperor, that double wages were given to those workmen employed in the construction of the gun as an inducement to submit to the condition of remaining within the walls of the foundry until it was entirely completed. When the weapon was announced as ready for trial, the Emperor convoked about forty officers of all ranks. The thickest and strongest specimen of stone defence amongst all those used at Vincennes for essaying the power of the guns was chosen to test the strength of this new invention. It succeeded perfectly. No sooner was the gun drawn forth—a small contrivance dragged to the field by a single man—than, the word to fire being given, the whole of the heavy wall, stone, bricks, cement and all disappeared from before the eye as by magic, and crumbled into dust in a moment. The allusions to a new element of strength lately acquired by the French in case of war, mentioned in the Paris papers of late, refer to this invention.

INGENUITY OF A SPIDER.—A friend writing from Havre de Grace, gives the following occurrence in relation to a spider, showing an astonishing degree of instinct, if not reason. He says: "Some days since a gentleman was walking on one of the wharves in this place, when he saw a large spider sailing on a chip not far from the wharf. The tide was setting out of the harbor, the wind blowing on shore. It was easy to go out to sea; but to regain the shore, this was the difficulty. The spider having gone to one side of the chip, and then to another, and after completely viewing his situation, found any further retreat cut off, placed himself in the centre of the chip. In a short time the tide had carried the chip, with its passenger, near the other side of the wharf, who perceiving that the chip would soon drift beyond it, immediately commenced spinning a web. The threads of the web (the wind favoring) were successfully blown against the wharf, and firmly adhered to it. As soon as this was accomplished, the spider warped his boat alongside, and thus escaped destruction."

LITERATURE IN RUSSIA.—A letter from St. Petersburg tells us (*Literary Gazette*) that literary activity now prevails in Russia, of which the like was never seen before. A great many foreign contemporary authors of renown have just been translated. Numerous works of native authors are announced. An *Illustrated St. Petersburg News* has been established. Theatrical, literary, scientific, military, maritime, and economic journals have been started; periodicals, containing original tales and translations, are numerous; even imitations of *Punch* are not wanting. And what is regarded as little short of stupendous, some of the new journals are actually allowed to be sold in the streets as newspapers are in London. The theatres, on their part, are producing original works and translations; and amongst the latter "King Lear" is shortly to appear, with a M. Samoiloff in the principal character.

THE VATICAN.—The word "Vatican" is often used, but there are many who do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which covers a space of twelve hundred feet in length, and about one hundred in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by Nero. It owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome, who, in the early part of the sixth century, erected an humble residence on its site. About the year 1060, Pope Eugenius re-built it on a magnificent scale. Innocent II., a few years afterward, gave it up as a lodging to Peter II., King of Arragon. In 1605, Clement V., at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for many years. It is now the repository of multitudinous treasures of art.

DEATH OF A FRENCH CELEBRITY.—An illustrious name is now extinct: died lately, of old age, at Auteuil, the last of the Boufflers, nephew of Chevalier de Boufflers, so well known as a *bel esprit* and poet, once Governor of Senegal, French Academician, and member of the States-General in 1786. The deceased was great-grandson of Marechal Duc de Boufflers, who defended Lille against Prince Eugene and Marlborough. There are so very few of the genuine representatives of the old noble stock of gentlemen in France that the few authentic bearers of historic names can be badly spared. We have still Rochefoucault, Noailles, and a few remnants of fossil gentility in the Faubourg and in the wilds of Brittany; but if the law against usurped titles is really enforced, Paris will awake some fine morning without a marquis or viscount to signify.

RAW MEAT IN DYSENTERY.—Dr. Weisse, of Saint Petersburg, first in 1845 advised the employment of the lean of raw meat, very finely minced, in the chronic diarrhœa of children, giving two teaspoonfuls four times a day. Since then the same practice has often been extended to various forms of obstinate diarrhœa with good effect. M. Pensa, now practising in Egypt, reports the benefit he has derived in several cases of severe dysentery occurring in the adults from the employment of raw, or nearly raw, minced meat, given in doses of from two to three ounces three times a day.—*Medical Times.*

THE HUME MONUMENT AT MONTROSE.—A model of the figure has been submitted to the Monument Committee by Mr. Calder Marshall, the sculptor, who has already received the commission for the execution of the statue at a cost of £460. The model, which was apparently a very correct outline of the figure of the late Mr. Hume, represented him as standing in a position which will no doubt appear graceful from every point of view. His left arm is nearly stretched straight downwards, while in his hand he holds a scroll, on which rest the two forefingers of the right hand, and he, standing in an easy position, is supposed to be in the act of addressing the House of Commons and referring to the contents of the document.

"HE IS A BRICK"—ITS ORIGIN.—At a duel which took place in Scotland, a person who was charged with its preliminary arrangements, carried with him to the ground two bricks, which he placed so as to mark the distance between the combatants. Several shots having taken place without effect, the parties became reconciled, and returned to Glasgow together. One of the seconds being asked how his principal had behaved, answered, like a "regular brick"—meaning that he had been as immovable as that which was at his feet at the time when the shots were exchanged. Hence the origin of the phrase, and the meaning of its application.

A FRENCH MAN OF WAR AT CARDIFF.—The presence of a French war steamer in the port of Cardiff, Wales, has given rise to some little excitement amongst Queen Victoria's liege there. The name of the vessel is the Pelican, Commander Hamelin, and she has on board a staff of French hydrographers. The vessel had steamed very slowly up the Channel, and it is at once assumed that she was making a survey of the coast for the French Marine Minister, who is an uncle of the Commander, and that the naked and defenceless state of the Channel will be disclosed. She will go down the other coast on her way back.

DENMARK AND THE GERMAN DIET.—It is generally understood that a majority of the Diet is against opening any negotiations with Denmark, and the Danish Government, on the other hand, appears to be firmly decided on not making any fresh overtures. If any of the Federal troops should invade Holstein, the Danish battalion will back beyond the Eider, or, in case of need, beyond the Belt into the Islands, which cannot be approached without a naval squadron. This is all the inconvenience which Denmark has to fear from the military demonstration on the part of Germany as long as the former retains her naval superiority.

STATISTICS OF JEWS.—The following is an estimate of the number of the Jews in the different countries of Europe, taken from the *Geographischen Ephemeriden*, published at Weimar: In Russia and Poland, nearly a million and a half; in Austria, about 500,000; in the States of the German Confederation, 120,000; in Prussia, 100,000; in the Netherlands, 80,000; in France, 60,000; in Italy 40,000; in Great Britain, 18,000; in Denmark, 6,000; in Switzerland, 2,000. The total number of Jews in Europe is estimated at about two millions and a half, and all over the globe at about six millions.

A HALF CENTURY OF PUNISHMENT.—A rare event has occurred in Saxony; the release of a convict after not fewer than fifty years' detention. This man was condemned to imprisonment for life for having formed part of a notorious band of brigands, and was sent to the prison of Waldheim; he remained there until a few weeks ago, when he obtained a pardon. Notwithstanding his long confinement, he is in good health, and has returned to his native village of Leutersdorf, with a sum of 200 thalers, the product of his labor in the jail.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—In an article under this heading a Scotch paper notices the resolution on the part of a proprietor in Caithness to reduce several large farms on his estate, and let them out in small workable allotments, being satisfied that the system of small farms is best for the interest of the community. The first step in this direction has already been taken, three surveyors having been last week employed in parcelling out the estate into small farms of from 25 to 150 acres, with a view to their being announced as to let.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—Twenty-two vessels were captured by cruisers during the last twelve months for being engaged in the slave trade. All but one were American, and the largest number belonged to New York, Boston and New Orleans.

GENERAL WOLFE.—The William and Ann, the vessel which conveyed General Wolfe to Quebec, and which was lately lying at Newport, has been lost in the Mediterranean.

A FRENCHMAN ON MILTON.—Milton, having chosen for his theme the greatest of human interests, has celebrated it in the widest spread tongue of the whole world.—*Villemain.*

The sale of Rachel's effects has gone off but poorly. The famous India shawl which the Empress of Russia took from her own shoulders to wrap round those of the tragedian, when the sound of her hollow cough distressed the kind heart of her Majesty, did not fetch so much as would have been asked for the same article, without souvenir, in any shop in Paris. The bracelet given by Queen Victoria was likewise sold for an ordinary price.

George Sand, the celebrated French authoress, who had for several years led a singular life in Paris, and been notorious for upholding peculiar opinions on social questions, has retired to a convent in Paris to spend the remainder of her days in religious retirement.

A terrible crime has been committed at Trieste. A young workman, who maintained himself and his mother by his daily labor, gained so little that they lived most wretchedly. By dint of privation he, however, saved up sufficient to purchase a ticket in a lottery. The drawing took place a few weeks ago, and his ticket gained a prize of 16,000 florins. Wild with joy, the young man hurried to his mother, informed her of his good fortune, and asked for the ticket. "Alas! my son," said she, "I sold it some time back." Without a word the young man drew his knife and stabbed her until she fell dead at his feet.

It appears that a further outlay of £172,000 is required to complete the Leviathan, making the total cost of the ship £804,522, or at the rate of £34 per ton builders' measurement. In order to raise the additional amount required, and to pay off the present liabilities of the company—£211,282 11s. 10d. in all—it is proposed to issue debentures and preference shares. The vessel will not be completed before autumn, when it is intended to make several preliminary voyages to America for the purpose of testing the ship's capabilities, and in the spring to commence her voyages to India or Australia.

When the locomotive engines were first put upon the railways in Egypt the Arabs took great interest in them, and manifested a great desire to ride by the new conveyance. The trains ran at the first only once on alternate days, and the Arabs assembled at the railway station for hours before the time for starting, to be able to get places, and, when all the seats were occupied, they clung to the outside of the carriages, at the apparent risk of their lives, rather than be disappointed of their ride.

A perfect copy of the Hereford Missal has at length been discovered. It was among a large collection of old books which have long lain upon the shelves of the Rev. Mr. O'Donnell at Bristol. It was sent up to London, and was purchased for the British Museum for £300. The book has been long sought in vain by collectors, and is believed to be unique, though there is an imperfect copy in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

The King of Prussia has become stark mad. He occasionally believes he is a private soldier, who has just received his commission as ensign, but has since lost the parchment, and therefore he anxiously seeks it in all hidden corners of the palace and nooks of the garden. He dislikes to be watched by his aide-de-camp, whom he believes to be his commanding officer.

Hundreds of Poles are now applicants at the Russian embassy in Paris for passports and pecuniary aid to revisit their old country. Taking advantage of the late amnesty, great numbers have come in from provincial towns of France with their families, and there is a general movement homewards.

Another claimant to the estate of the late Earl of Shrewsbury has appeared in the person of Mr. H. Talbot, boot and shoe maker, of Stourbridge. He has accompanied his solicitors to London, who, it is said, are sanguine of success.

The Association for the protection of labor has petitioned the Emperor Napoleon in favor of protection to French industry, asking him to put an end before 1861 to the uncertainty which prevails as to the reduction of the prohibitory tariff.

A lady named Temple, who is well known in the fashionable regions of Belgravia, has discovered a remedy for stuttering. It is simply the act of reading in a whisper, and gradually augmenting the whisper to a louder tone.

A zealous antiquary, lately, looking for Dryden's house, in Fetter lane, made some inquiry of a policeman. "Dryden, Sir!" said the latter. "Dryden! Is he a man a little backward in his rent?"

In London, the report of low prices of silk have stimulated active operations. The deliveries from the 1st to the 24th of April have amounted to 7,000 bales—an unprecedented total.

The vines in the neighborhood of Lisbon are looking very well, and, if a judgment may be safely formed at so early a period, there appears to be a prospect of a good vintage.

Forty-two thousand men are ordered to join the French army between the 10th and 20th of June. The Paris elections terminated in favor of the government.

The *Moniteur* announces that the Emperor has given instructions for a great topographical work, in explication of the Gaul of the fifth century under the Romans.

Nearly 2,000 British subjects are calculated to be in Rome at the present moment, and as many more Russians, French, and Americans.

The treasurer of the Wallace Fund has received £375 from Melbourne in aid of the erection of the monument to the memory of Wallace.

St. Petersburg advices report tallow firm at an advance of one rouble. The weather was cold and the navigation still closed.

The Prussian authorities are recommending all Prussian emigrants to choose Canada in preference to all other countries.

Burns, a pedestrian, at Manchester, has run 10 1-4 miles in 59 1-4 minutes, his time being an hour.

The Catholic population of Nova Scotia amounts to 69,634.

A decree for the liberation of 30,000 slaves in Dutch Surinam has reached that island.

Hogan's eldest son has undertaken to finish the Cork Matthew Testimonial.

HOME MISCELLANY.

Terrible Railroad Accident.—A terrible accident occurred on the New York Central Railroad, near Utica, on Tuesday morning, 11th inst. The accident was caused by the giving way of a bridge upon which two trains were crossing in opposite directions. The cars were piled one above another between the abutments of the bridge, the platform and seats being splintered to atoms. The developments of the disaster are calculated to tell fearfully on the reputation and welfare of the Central Railroad. It appears that the rottenness of the timbers of the Sauquoit Bridge was notorious in the neighborhood, so that the downfall of the structure had been confidently predicted. One witness had kicked a hole in one of the timbers with his heel, and knew from observation that the structure was unreliable. Yet over this bridge heavy trains were driven a dozen times per day at the rate of twenty to forty miles per hour! At last, two trains crossing simultaneously in opposite directions tumbled it into a heap of ruins, destroying nearly a dozen lives and maiming or bruising thirty or forty others. The loss of property is a very subordinate consideration, but it must amount to many thousands of dollars. We bespeak a thorough judicial investigation of this criminal affair. Let the public know by whose guilty negligence this wholesale slaughter was occasioned. If the proper authorities of Oneida County shrink from their duty, let the Governor assume the task of providing for the public safety. Let him send a competent engineer along the whole line of this road, and examine every bridge, every embankment, every turn-out, and require the instant amendment of whatever is found amiss. It is not enough that justice be done, so far as may be, to the survivors of this catastrophe and the relatives of its victims. Let justice be done also, and that promptly, to the traveling public.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Story of Indian Cunning.—Mr. King, of Camillus, Onondaga County, New York, had the misfortune to have his harness stolen; and, pursuing his inquiries, became convinced that a certain drunken Indian in the neighborhood was the thief. He charged the Red man with the theft, and, finally, the Indian admitted that he knew where it was. After much persuasion he named the place, but when the owner looked where it was, it wasn't there. Now he had the fellow arrested, and was taking him off to jail, when he promised to tell where it was if they would give him a pint of whiskey. Mr. King gave him the liquor, and the stolen property was produced. "Now," said the owner, "you must go to jail." "What fur? White man got um harness!" "Yes, but you stole it, and must go to jail." "Injun tell old chief white man give Injun whiskey; white man pay fifty dollar!" This was a new wrinkle. That was the law, sure enough, and Mr. King had made himself liable to the fine by giving the Indian the liquor, and he told the fellow to go. But he wouldn't go. "Give Injun money, he no tell!" And the fellow stuck to it that he would inform; and, finally, the white man had to hire him to hold his tongue.

Smart Boys.—A farmer in Virginia, who had been digging a well, was called away from home, leaving none but two boys on the premises. During his absence, a favorite horse by accident got into the well, which was about twelve feet deep, and of sufficient diameter to allow the horse standing room. The boys set their young brains to work to get him out. Their bill of "ways and means" was almost exhausted, when the youngest, only nine years old, suggested an amendment, which was immediately adopted. Large quantities of straw were convenient, which the boys pitched in to fill up the well, the prisoner tramping it down, until he could walk right out upon "straw bail."

Skeleton Found.—The workmen employed in grading the Cemetery near the monument of P. O. Richmond, dug up the skeleton of a human body. From the fact that within a few years two or three others have been found near the same spot, it is supposed that the place was once used as the burial place of the Wamesit Indians, who once inhabited this vicinity. It is on high ground, and overlooks Concord river. The skull and bones of the skeleton found last week are very small, and the teeth, of which all on the lower jaw are to be seen, appear to be very much worn, from which it would seem that it was the remains of an aged female.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Susceptibility of the American People.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Exchange* writes: "One thing I may mention. Since the breaking up of the '*bogus lottery concerns*' in Norwich, Connecticut, there have been returned to the dead letter office in this city a very large number of letters, directed to those firms. The sum estimated in these letters amount, in the aggregate, to some $25,000 or $30,000. It is truly amazing to know how susceptible of imposition the American people are."

A Fight with Grasshoppers.—The Gonzales (Texas) *Inquirer* has an amusing account of the invasion of that city by grasshoppers, and the attempt of the citizens to repel the intruders: "Everybody turned out—men, women and children, white and black—everybody with 'fire and sword,' brushes and brooms, blankets and buckets, carried on the deadly conflict, but to no avail; the hoppers hopped on, and the defending forces were obliged to beat an inglorious retreat, leaving the barbarians in possession of the conquered city."

Playing Truant.—A young girl residing in Auburn, of respectable parentage, named Sarah Powell, about 16 years of age, left that city recently for a short visit to some friends in Syracuse, and not returning in the specified time, the parents and an aunt reached here on Saturday in search of her. They came to the Police Office, and produced a note from the Mayor of Auburn directed to Chief of Police Davis, requesting him to use all means in his power to ascertain her whereabouts. A search being instituted by the police officers, she was found at Gay's Hotel, and taken to the Police station by Officer Segar, where she was confronted by her parents. Many recriminations ensued, and the "fair truant" left the police office with the promise of going back with her parents. She is a stubborn "lassie," evidently bound on matrimony or something else, and if not watched close, will be found missing again one of those fine May mornings.—*Syracuse Courier.*

Defalcation.—A correspondent of the Buffalo *Courier*, writing from Batavia April 10, says: "The Collector of Taxes of the town of Leroy, in this county, named N. A. Sutton, has suddenly left the town, and it is ascertained that he is a defaulter from $5,000 to $10,000. He had collected nearly all the town tax, over $6,000, borrowed all the money he could from his friends, raised all that could be raised by mortgaging his effects, or in any other way, and then decamped. He has been Deputy Sheriff for several years, and was elected Justice of the Peace for four years. It is doubtful whether the defalcation can be made good by his bail."

Melancholy Accident.—The Milwaukee (Wisconsin) *News*, of the 25th of April, states that on the 22d, a son and daughter of Martin Feehey, aged respectively 13 and 14 years of age, who were playing in a skiff at Oshkosh, were blown off into the lake, and when last seen were fully five miles from shore. Next day a boat was procured and sent in search of the poor children, but the search proved fruitless, and as the sea ran high, it is believed that the boat was swamped and the little ones drowned.

Direct Trade with Europe.—The schooner Star of the North left Detroit for Liverpool, on the 12th inst., being the second clearance from Detroit for that port this season. The schooner Col. Cooke will also sail, to be followed by six others during the present month, all loaded with staves and timber, for Liverpool direct.

Power of a Magistrate.—Among the general acts of the Legislature of Virginia, at its recent session, is one conferring upon a single magistrate the power to give judgment upon a forthcoming bond, taken upon an execution issued by the magistrate. The power to grant such judgments had been previously confined to the county courts.

Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to the fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows, that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent—rather seek, by occupation, to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy, in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow-men.

In 1786, a youth in Maine sold a jack-knife for a gallon of West India rum, which he retailed, and with the proceeds bought two gallons, and eventually a barrel, and afterward a large stock. He became rich, and died leaving property worth $80,000, which was divided among four children, three boys and a girl, who engaged in every folly and extravagance. The daughter married unfortunately, and her husband soon wasted her patrimony, when she died. Two of the sons died in dissipation and poverty. The remaining son, who for many years has lived on the kindness of those who knew him in his prosperity, recently died suddenly and unattended in a barn where he was in a drunken sleep. On his pockets being examined, all that was found in them was a small piece of string and a *jack-knife.*

A poor heartless Yankee carriage maker two years ago married a lady in Memphis, Tennessee, who gave him $1,500 to go into business with; but he spent it and came to New York, whence he wrote to her that he had another chance for business, and she came on with her child and gave him $1,700 more. Pretending that his business called him to New Haven, he wrote to her to follow him, and upon her arriving there she found a letter directing her where to find him in Hartford. At Hartford all traces of the scoundrel disappeared; and some of the people paid the deserted woman's hotel bill, and gave her $22 50 to get back to Memphis with.

A gang of Mississippi River thieves has been surprised and captured by the citizens of the town of McGregor, Iowa. Their camp was on an unfrequented island, whence some $5,000 worth of stolen property has already been recovered.

One of the most remarkable instances of the transmission of a singular physical deformity from parents to children through successive generations, is to be found in Cincinnati. A man between forty and fifty years of age, has four short fingers on each hand reaching about to the first joint of a finger of usual length; and what is very remarkable is the fact that this physical deformity of the hand can be traced back through various members of his family for a period of *one hundred and eighty years!*

The "mad-stone," reputed to cure hydrophobia, is generally considered a myth, but Seth. T. Stanton of Cincinnati, whose credibility has good vouchers, states that he was bitten by a mad cat on the 15th of March, and was completely cured by a mad-stone, in the possession of Samuel Treble of Macoupin County, Ill. The mad-stone on being applied to the wound, sucked itself full of the poison, when it dropped off and was cleaned, and seven applications effected a cure.

A sailor died recently in Texas, and on his death-bed confessed that he was one of the crew who murdered Mrs. Alston of South Carolina, forty years ago. Mrs. Alston was the daughter of Aaron Burr. She sailed from Charleston for New York in a brig, and on the trip the crew mutinied and murdered all the officers and passengers, Mrs. Alston being the last one to walk the plank. The sailor remembered her look of despair, and died in the greatest agony of mind.

Hon. Mr. Alleyn has introduced a useful measure to amend the law relating to immigrants. It was read a first time on Tuesday night. It imposes a uniform tax upon immigrants and passengers—it provides against imposition on the part of boarding-house keepers by enacting that their scales of charges shall be hung upon the walls—and it provides a more efficient check upon the notorious "runners."—*Toronto paper.*

A woman named Phœbe Westlake, a widow, residing in Chester, Orange County, in this State, was on Thursday week arrested on suspicion of poisoning several persons, and confessed to having administered poison to a Mrs. Fielder, who died, and to Mr. J. B. Tuthill, who has recovered. The woman committed suicide on the night after her arrest, by taking a dose of her favorite poison—arsenic.

Counterfeit twenties (double eagles) are in circulation in California. The coins have been sawed through the edges, filled with lead, and remilled. The work is executed so neatly that it is almost impossible to detect the fraud. Counterfeit three dollar bills on the Bank of Hartford are in circulation. Counterfeit one dollar bills are also in circulation on the Bank of Chemung.

The editor of the Clinton (N. Y.) *Courier* records the astonishing fact that five ladies, all residents of Clinton, on a certain day within the past fortnight, took passage in the stage from Clinton to Utica; and during the entire drive of an hour and a quarter, *not one of them spoke to the other!*

Mrs. Brown apparently died at Chicago, and was laid out, but while one of her daughters was sobbing over the corpse, it moved and the eyes opened—she was taken from her coffin and is recovering her health.

Among the Indian tribes of Utah, white children are now living who were picked up from the snow by the savages, and thus rescued from the death which their parents had failed to escape.

The unfinished monument to the mother of Washington, at Fredericksburgh, Va., is fast going to ruin, and is badly disfigured with bullet and shot marks, being used by the boys as a target.

During the month of March, out of a population of eighty thousand in the city and county of San Francisco, only 98 have died. In February the deaths were 94.

The grape crop of Indiana, it is said, will be greatly lessened this year, in consequence of the ladies having taken the most of the vines for hoops.

The flooring of a stable in New Bedford gave way some nights since, by which five cows, tied to stanchions, were hung up by their necks, and were found dead in the morning.

A western editor wishes to know whether the law recently enacted against the carrying of deadly weapons, applies to doctors who carry pills in their pockets.

The government of Nicaragua, which has no minister in any foreign court, save that of the United States, has lately sent an Ambassador to the Holy See.

The third Great Horse Show at Springfield (Mass.) takes place September 14th to 17th inclusive.

Flour is said to be selling in Knoxville, Tenn., at one dollar and a half a sack, or three dollars a barrel.

Comonfort denies being upon terms of affiliation with Walker, or in any manner connected with him.

Edmund M. Blunt is said to be the oldest editor in the United States. He resides at Sing Sing, and is in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

The number of marriages in New Jersey State during 1857 was 3,540, deaths 10,206, births 13,883.

The Hartford (Ct.) *Courant* states that a machine for cracking stone has been invented.

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.

The tongue, like a race horse, generally runs faster, the less weight it carries.

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NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1858.

A STORMY WEEK—ANNIVERSARY SQUABBLES, PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS.

THE week we have just passed through has been a stormy week in more ways than one. While the already saturated earth was being deluged with rain, the city of New York was being inundated with a flood of blasphemy, bigotry and balderdash. The tempest of party strife howled hoarsely through the tents of Israel and war raged fiercely among those who insist, whether men like it or not, in sending what they call "peace" to them all. There has been scolding and hissing and gnashing of teeth and pounding of rostrums and calling of hard names among the "faithful" and the "folds" seemed to be filled, not with lambs, but with their deadliest enemies. *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ!* What a striking exemplification of the unity of Protestantism, proselytism and the other isms!

Far be it from us, however, to fall out with the Tractarians and other "arians" for falling out with each other; we only desire, for the good of the community, that they may fall out never to fall in again, and then a great many foolish people will have more money in their purses and the market for waste paper will be saved from a periodical glut.

Yet there is one point on which the "Tract Societies," "Missions" "Unions" &c. that yearly hold their saturnalia in this devoted city, are in perfect harmony: the "evangelization" of Ireland. It appears that there is more joy in the anniversary camp for the supposed "conversion" of one Irishman, than for that of ninety-nine Germans, Hindoos, Negroes or Choctaws. We, Irishmen, might surely feel highly complimented by this preference; but we are a race proverbially ungrateful for tract benevolence and Methodist teaching; and we feel no more flattered by the burning desire to "enlighten" us before all other men, than our fellow citizens, the Germans, are wounded by the preference shown in our favor. We are even eccentric enough to imagine that our proselyting friends, who show such a wonderful regard for us, might expend a little of their zeal on their own countrymen; for, the land we live in—however much we may respect its institutions, however it may justify the title of a land of liberty—does not exactly realize to our minds the idea of a land of Saints—unless they be of that last offshoot of Protestantism, particularized by the compound epithet of Latter-day. There are foreign Missions who send "workers" to Ireland, to Rome, to France, to Germany, to Sardinia, to Belgium, to Sweden, to Turkey, to Greece, to Syria, to Assyria, to China, to India, to Persia, to Africa and elsewhere; there are "home missions" whose "fields" are Canada and Mexico, Peru, Brazil and Hayti—who, in the States, direct their attention to the Irish (of course), to the Germans, to the French and the Swedes; but they never seem to think of the native-born citizens. Do they consider these latter above, or beyond "conversion?" We would humbly suggest that the Phœbe Westlakes, the Burdell murderers, the gamblers, the pugilists, the adulterous actors and actresses who strut in theatres of this city, in defiance of public opinion, might furnish some proselytizing Hercules a labor as Augean as he could desire.

Judged by their own reports, the Missions and Tract Societies have raised a glorious crop of—figures. The "colporteurs" have scattered the tracts broadcast through the highways and by ways—literally as well as figuratively—and why should they not? The "worker" in the "field" is paid in ratio to the number he distributes and how can any tender-hearted grocer refuse to help trade in a double degree by taking a few hundred tracts off the "workers" hands?

Some interesting denunciations and valuable admissions have also been made by the heterogeneous gatherings of the past week. The "Revival" has been denounced as "spurious." We are inclined to accept the authority of the denouncers; they ought to know best. A large loaf has been declared a most valuable agent of "conversion;" so that we may judge what the "converts" are—if any there be. The Report of the American and Foreign Christian Union admits, that "the power of the Papacy is gaining in some Protestant lands and among them in the United States." It likewise avows that the instrumentalities relied upon for arresting the progress of Catholicity and "bringing its believers to abandon it and to embrace evangelical truth, have not accomplished what their friends had hoped they would have done." It also makes the humiliating confession that, notwithstanding all efforts to the contrary, Catholicity "has vastly increased in this country within the last thirty years, notwithstanding the use which has been made of all the ordinary instrumentalities," and that Catholics "are now much less accessible to Protestants and their means of instruction than they were a few years ago."

They have shown us their progress in the past, and their unity in the present. Now what is their hope for the future? They have taken care to enlighten us on the subject: To stop the spread of Catholicity here by effecting the "evangelization" of Ireland!

Small has been their progress in the past, small is their unity in the present, and small indeed is their hope for the future!

THE BIBLE IN SCHOOLS.

IT can never be necessary in a community that has any sense of religion to dwell on the importance of the full and prompt religious education of children and youth, nor can it be necessary in a Christian community to defend the propriety of early inculcating a respect and veneration for the Holy Scriptures as given by Divine inspiration and containing the written word of God. Both of these objects are of the very highest importance not only to the soul of the individual, but to the peace, virtue, order and well-being of society.

In this country, in most places, the large majority of Catholics have to choose for their children between the public schools and no schools at all. We have not the means to establish and maintain separate schools for the mass of our children, and with all that has been done in that direction in this city, we have Catholic schools for not more than one in eight or ten. Then seven-eighths or nine-tenths of our children must be educated in the common schools of the city or not at all. There is no use in attempting to conceal or to disguise this fact, for fact it is, and we cannot at present make it otherwise.

We must, then, to a great extent, use our public schools, for it cannot for a moment be assumed that our Catholic parents are prepared in a country like this to suffer their children to grow up without any education but such as they pick up in the streets. Instead of declaiming against the common schools, exciting the prejudices of Catholic parents against them, since we must use them or do worse, we should endeavor to make them as little objectionable as possible. The system itself is a good one, and would work well, if the community were Catholic, or not cut up into a variety of separate and conflicting sects. As it is, it is not all we want, nor what we would have, could we have everything our own way.

No doubt Catholics feel a difficulty in regard to the public schools, whether they do or whether they do not teach religion. We are not willing that our children should receive false religious instruction, or grow up without any religious instruction at all. Heretical schools and Godless schools are alike our aversion. But it is not necessary that everything should be done in every place, and at every time. It does not follow that children who attend the public schools should grow up without any religious instruction, because they receive none in them. They may still receive it at home, in the Church, or in Sunday schools. They may still learn their prayers and their catechism, and Catholics can send their children to the public schools to receive their secular education, providing those schools, either through the teachers or the books used, exert no influence against their religion.

The theory of the public schools, nay, the law creating and sustaining them, is that they shall not be sectarian, and that all sectarian books and instruction shall be excluded from them. This theory is not uniformly carried out in practice, many things are taught in them which are repugnant to our religion, and books are used, calculated, perhaps not designedly, to prejudice the children against Catholicity. This is wrong. The only ground on which the State can pretend to tax the public for the support of schools, is, that education is essential—as a police regulation—to that public good which it is bound to consult—to the maintenance of the peace, the order, and well-being of society. It is bound then both in justice and policy to make its schools such as Catholic parents can send their children to, without offending Catholic conscience. Catholics stand on a footing of perfect equality before the State, and the State is bound to respect their conscience as much, to say the least, as the conscience of the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, or the Baptist.

To respect the Catholic conscience it is not necessary that the public schools should teach the Catholic religion, but that they should avoid teaching anything repugnant thereto. The book in the received English version called by Protestants the Bible is a sectarian book, not a true copy and correct version of the Holy Scriptures, and to introduce it into the public schools is contrary to the law establishing them. We do not say that a true copy and correct version of the Scriptures, acknowledged by all Christians to be such, would be a sectarian book, or that its introduction would be illegal. But the common Protestant Bible, however admirable for its English, is not accepted by Catholics, and their children are not allowed by their religion to read it. The Protestant Bible cannot, then, be read in schools attended by the children of Catholics without offending Catholic conscience, which is and must be sacred for the State.

We object, therefore, to the use of the *Protestant* Bible in the public schools, because it is, in the judgment of the Catholics, and, indeed, in the judgment of all learned Protestants of every denomination, not a true and faithful representation of the sacred text, and is not a genuine copy of the written word of God. But even were this not the case, and were our own so-called Douay Bible adopted, we should object to the use of the Bible as a class book in our common schools, because we do not regard it as a suitable book for that purpose. There is no propriety in setting very young children to reading the old Levitical law, and there are parts of the Bible which no prudent parent would desire to have his children while young and unmarried read at all, in school or out of school. We should not object to the use of selections from the Scriptures properly made, or to Scripture lessons, such as are used in the National Schools in Ireland, being introduced and read. We should even approve an abridgment of Scripture History being used in schools, providing it is drawn up free from all sectarian bias. But to the introduction and reading of the whole Bible in the public schools, even had we no objection to the version selected, we do and must object.

We hold the Holy Scriptures too sacred and reverence them too deeply to be willing to see them used in schools, tossed about, torn, blotted, marked up or scribbled in, as school books are and will be to the end of time. The scholar, using the Bible thus familiarly and carelessly, loses instead of acquiring reverence for it, and comes to class it with Webster's Spelling-book, Murray's Grammar, or Emerson's Arithmetic. It is the very worst possible way to inculcate respect and reverence for the Bible, as the word of God, to make it a school book and to associate it with all the unpleasant or mischievous recollections of the common schoolroom. The good sense of the Protestant community had very generally come, some years ago, to the same conclusion, and its use is revived and insisted on now, because it is objected to by Catholics.

But what we object to still more than to the use of the Bible is the practice of bigoted or over-zealous teachers, often little more than young girls or boys, of commenting and explaining, or as they may regard it, enforcing the lessons of Scripture, that may be read. We doubt their competency, and we protest against the Catholic children being required to listen to their inepties. The Protestants insist on the Bible "without note or comment," we insist, therefore, if read at all, it shall be "without note or comment," by the school master or the school mistress.

The public or common schools are the American pet. We do not complain of that, for we are as much in favor, as any one can be, of common school education for all the children of the land. We are very far from being satisfied with a system, at least for this age of the world, which educates highly a few and leaves the mass to fester in ignorance. But, if the pet is to work well, it must be so modified and managed that Catholics can support it. The public good requires this. We do not pretend that common school education of itself alone will do much to make the community moral and virtuous, but it is one of the necessary conditions of an intelligent and orderly community, and as necessary in the case of Catholic children as in the case of any other. It is a great damage to the community not to have our children educated, and therefore great pains should be taken to conduct the schools on such principles that our children can frequent them without danger to their faith or offence to the Catholic conscience.

OUR NEW STORY.

IN the first number of our coming volume will be commenced a new and ably written story entitled "THE CONFESSIONS OF AN APOSTATE." It is from the graceful and prolific pen of Mrs. J. SADLIER, and will equal, if not surpass in interest the previous popular and highly successful productions of that talented lady. Agents and dealers should send in their orders as speedy as possible.

THE "SUNDAY TIMES" AGAIN.—The Washington correspondent of the *Times*, taking his key note from the leading article to which we replied in our last, devotes a pretty long paragraph to anecdotical enlightenment for our especial behoof. Had he seen our last issue when he wrote it, or was he badly in want of something to say? Has he not seen that his "chief" also indulges in "sneering" at the "humbler talents" of the inhabitants of the Fourth Ward, though the "leader" in question, as we took the liberty to point out, exemplifies the adage that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones?

"A GREAT DAY FOR IRELAND."—A CANNIE "SCOTT."

TUESDAY, the 11th inst., was "a great day for Ireland." It was on the evening of that day that a motley assemblage of "divines" of all shades and colors, free-love and Fourierite editors, pamphleteers, and ladies bright, sat around a groaning board in Niblo's saloon, to celebrate the departure for Ireland of a reverend gentleman bearing the striking cognomen of "Robinson Scott" who left these shores with $70,000 in his pocket for the purpose of "evangelizing" the old land. The reverend Robinson had been promised $100,000 but in consequence of the commercial crisis the sympathizers only came down with $70,000. He was no doubt heartily thankful for what he received. The reporters for the daily press inform us that more than half the gathering was composed of the fair sex. It has been remarked that the ladies "in these parts" have lately shown a "weakness" for the sons of the Emerald Isle, and we must certainly look upon it as an amiable one. Would it were the only "weakness" they had!

When he had dined copiously and was inspired, among other things, by the music of Hail Columbia, succeeding that of "God save the Queen," the Reverend Robinson arose and related a vision he had had when coming to dinner. He saw Queen Victoria in a suspended position on the international bridge at Niagara, looking down in delight on the two lands spread away on either side. He likewise saw her Majesty making a pilgrimage to the tomb of Washington and dropping an olive branch on the hero's grave. The Reverend Robinson's visions, are, it will be seen, if not of the supernatural, at least of the extraordinary kind. Presuming on the ignorance of his hearers he next indulged in some curious statistics with regard to the *decrease* of the Catholic population in Ireland. "Twelve years ago," said this pious and conscientious statistician "it numbered seven millions, now it is only four, a million had been swept away by the famine, a million and a half had emigrated and *the remainder had been converted to Protestantism.*" Now in 1846 the population of Ireland was 8,175,000; the Protestants of all denominations amounted to but 700,000. And did the Catholics alone emigrate? Did not the Orangemen of the North emigrate to Canada and to Australia? The reverend Robinson next stated an "evangelical" falsehood: 'Not a single Protestant" said he, "had, died of famine." He would not dare to make such a statement before a meeting of of his countrymen every one of whom knows that Protestants died in hundreds in hedges and ditches about Dungannon. In 1851 the entire population of Ireland was 6,660,000 and the decrease of Protestant population in the stronghold of the sect—Ulster—was in about equal ratio to the decrease in the Catholic population consequent on emigration and the famine, which would leave the entire number of Protestants of all sects from the Church by law established to the White Quakers, about five hundred thousand. Truly, the Reverend Robinson has rather an odd way of spreading "truth." But if people are willing to be humbugged they will always find persons ready to perform the operation. We are certain the Rev. Robinson was more careful in his additions when he counted the various donations which made up the $70,000.

Among the other speakers were the McClintocks, (who have Irish blood in their veins, according to their own story, which we must be permitted to doubt,) the Beechers, who paid the Irish heart a left-handed compliment at the expense of the Irish head; the "Kirwans," who showed how Irish the meeting was by scoffing at Ireland; and the free-love editors, who had come there to make a little speech and give their paper a little puff, showing how it had aided the Revival by publishing an extra containing its rise, progress, and decline, at the exceedingly low price of four cents. All these gentlemen delighted the assembly and were delighted with themselves, but the most delighted individual among them all was, no doubt, the Reverend Robinson. How he must have chuckled over the idea that it was a "great day for Ireland," when he put 70,000 dollars in his portemonnaie.

We must also indulge in a vision; we think we see the Reverend Robinson standing on the deck of the *Persia* with one hand in his breeches-pocket and the other extended before his nasal organ in the direction of New York.

THE METROPOLITAN CATHOLIC ALMANAC.—We learn that the Right Rev. Bishops, composing the Ninth Provincial Council of Baltimore, have passed a resolution, unanimously recommending Messrs. JOHN MURPHY & Co., to publish the Catholic Almanac, which had been published in that city, since its commencement, with the exception of the present year. Such an important work could not be confided to better hands and we are fully confident that the Messrs. Murphy will perform their task with all the correctness and ability that so essential a publication requires. We are sure that the inaccuracies which disfigure the edition of the present year and which in great part have been the result of the hasty manner in which it was prepared will have entirely disappeared in the Almanac for 1859.

THE ORANGE BILL BEFORE THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.—The Bill to incorporate the Orange Society introduced into the Canadian Parliament has been thrown out. The following "Liberal" Catholics voted for the first reading of it: Alleyn (an Irish Catholic,) Attorney-General Cartier, Loranger, Sicotte and Simard, (Canadians.)

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, May 13, 1858.

In my letter for last week's TABLET I gave you a few facts concerning the action of the Administration on the Kansas imbroglio, and showed conclusively from them that the charge of "Treason" to the Democratic party on the friends of "popular sovereignty" comes with a bad grace from those who made the primary article of the creed of the Democratic church an element of discord in its ranks.

I come now to another phase of "Lecomptonism," which I believe will not only surprise our friends of all parties in the good "Old Dominion"—the mother of modern commonwealths—but will elate the leaders of "abolitionism," Messrs. Lloyd Garrison, Parson Beecher, Jim Lane, and our venerable father of that sect in the House of Representatives—the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings himself. The freesoilers *per se* could scarcely find so able an auxiliary within the limits of the Bay State—that hot-bed of every species of fanaticism—as they may from henceforth expect in a son of Virginia, in the person of the Hon. Joshua Letcher, the representative from the Rockingham district in that State to the present Congress, as the following endorsement by him of the subjoined extracts on *Slavery* in Virginia will fully show. And what makes this discovery the more important at this time to the anti-slavery party, is the fact also that Mr. Letcher is among the principal aspirants for the chair of state, so ably filled at present by Governor Wise.

But I will proceed with my quotations without further preface. Some time in August, 1847, the Rev. Henry Ruffner delivered an oration at Lexington, Va., before the Franklin Society of that place, for the abolition of slavery in that State. Upon the occasion, Mr. Letcher, with others mentioned below, addressed him the following letter:

"LEXINGTON, Va., Sept. 1, 1847.

"DEAR SIR:—The undersigned, believing that the argument recently delivered by you in the Franklin Society in favor of the removal of the negro population from Western Virginia, was not only able, but *unanswerable*, and that its publication will tend to bring the public mind to a correct condition on that momentous question, request that you will furnish us with a full statement of that argument for the press. "* * * * * * Our desire is to have the whole argument in favor of the proposition presented to the public in a perspicuous and condensed form. And believing that your views were not only *forcible* but *conclusive*, and that they are presented in a *shape* (!) which cannot give just cause of offence to even those who are the most fastidious and exciting on *all subjects* having any connection with the subject of Slavery, we trust that you will be disposed cheerfully to comply with our request above expressed.

"Very respectfully, your obt. servants,

S. McD. Moore, John Letcher, David P. Curry, James G. Hamilton, Geo. A. Baker, J. H. Lacy, John Echalls, James R. Jordan, Jacob Fuller, Jr., D. E. Moore.

"The Rev. Henry Ruffner, D. D."

I will now quote the arguments of this learned divine on the nature of slavery, which the Hon. Mr. Letcher says are "unanswerable," taken from the published response of that Mr. Ruffner. I will be as brief as it is possible:

"But all the West, on due consideration, conclude that slavery is a *pernicious* institution, and must be gradually removed," page 6.

"Whilst us of West Virginia steer our course in the safe middle way, and seek to remove the *plague of slavery* from our limits, without incurring the charge of ultra abolitionism on the one hand, or of ultra *pro-slaveryism*—or whatever it means (Query, in Kansas?) on the other," page 9.

"All that we ask of our eastern brethern, in regard to this matter, is, that if Western Virginia shall call for a law to remove slavery from her side of the Blue Ridge, East Virginia *shall not refuse her consent*, because the measure may not be palatable to herself," page 10.

And, then on the subject of Virginia's decline in general prosperity as a State, he proceeds:

"What has done this work of desolation? Not war, nor pestilence, not oppression of rulers, civil or ecclesiastical—*but slavery.* * * * It is in the last period of ten years, from 1830 to 1840, that this *consuming plague of slavery* has shown its worst effects in the old Southern States," page 14.

"The true cause of the unexampled emigration is, that no branch of industry flourishes, or can flourish among us, so long as slavery is established by law," page 17.

"What a pity that so rich and so lovely a land should be afflicted with this *yellow* fever and this *black* vomit," page 32.

"Northern farmers and * * * * * * look upon all Virginia as an *infected country*—AND SO IT IS," page 33.

"In those parts west of the Alleghany, upon the Ohio and its navigable waters, where her want of roads and disputed land titles did least injury, in these, too, the *corrosive touch* of slavery has also shown its cankerous effects," page 30.

I have thus, sir, given proof enough in the foregoing extract which Mr. Letcher has so warmly endorsed, that "*consistency* in politics, as well as in the private affairs of life, is a very are jewel now-a-days. Mr. Letcher is one of the Southern phalanx of Lecomptonites, who have undertaken to read Judge Douglas out of the Democratic party for sustaining the principles of State rights and popular sovereignty, and who, in the last Presidential campaign, spent $43,700 to place Mr. Buchanan where he now is. But, sir, there is only *one* man who can drive Stephen A. Douglas from the Democratic party, and that is Stephen himself." *Eh bien?*

Minnesota has, after a long struggle with the Know-Nothingism in Congress, and a few factionists of other colors, been admitted into the Union as the 32d State.

The Senators elect from that State—General Shields and Mr. Rice, were qualified and took their seats, but under protest on part of Mr. Brown of Mississippi and Mr. Harlan of Iowa.

The anti-Know-Nothing ratification meeting of this city for the election of mayor on the 1st proximo was the largest and most orderly I ever witnessed in Washington. Col. Berret, ex-city postmaster, is the candidate of the party, and will be elected if the people want law and order to prevail. If not, a repetition of Plug-uglyism will again obtain law.

It was Senator Evans of South Carolina and not Mr. E. of Maine, that died last week.

SIGMA.

NOTICE TO THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE "NEW ERA."

WE send the TABLET this week to all the Subscribers of the *New Era*, who are not already on our list. If they do not notify us to the contrary, we will consider them as Subscribers to the TABLET. Those who have paid in advance for the *New Era* will be supplied with our paper to the time their subscription expires.

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The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes will administer the sacrament of Confirmation at the Church of the Annunciation, Manhattanville, on next Sunday.

—The report of the Consecration of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, published on our twefith page, has obliged us to leave over until next week, our London and Paris letters of the 30th and 29th of April.

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We respectfully call the attention of Educational Institutions to our Catalogue of Books for Premiums. We have Gerald Griffin's Works (nine volumes now ready), Brownson's Essays, Fabiola, Blakes and Flanagans, Religion in Society, Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Life of St. Bernard, Life of the Blessed Virgin, Life of Christ, &c., &c., in various styles of binding. A liberal discount to Colleges and Religious Institutions.

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BUSINESS NOTICES.

Travelling Agents.

Our Travelling Agent, Mr. D. O'Sullivan, is now collecting and canvassing for the TABLET in Rochester and adjacent towns. He has bills for all indebted to us.

Mr. James Doyle, is now travelling through Massachusetts. He is fully authorized to act as Agent for the TABLET.

NOTICE TO PERSONS GETTING UP CLUBS.—Clubs in all cases *must* be sent to one address, unless each Subscriber pay 20 cents extra, for which we will write his name on the paper. Large Clubs of 10, 20, or 50, can have the paper sent in two or more packages, directed to as many different persons, for distribution at club prices.

Mr. Robert Wilkinson is now canvassing in Philadelphia for the TABLET. He will serve it regularly every week at subscribers' residences. Mr. Wilkinson is fully authorized to act as Agent, receive subscriptions, &c., for the NEW YORK TABLET. We cheerfully recommend him to the Catholics of Philadelphia and vicinity.

Mr. John Graham will call on our Subscribers in Detroit, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Xenia, and intervening towns, during the months of May and June. We hope they will be ready to pay up all arrearages.

Mr. Eugene Coleman, Bookseller, 27 1-2 Madison street, New York, is duly authorized to solicit subscribers and advertisements for the TABLET.

The NEW YORK TABLET and *Metropolitan Magazine* only Four Dollars per year, payable in advance.

The NEW YORK TABLET and *Brownson's Review* only Five Dollars per year, payable in advance.

Mr. P. M. Haverty, of 110 Fulton street, has sent us a collection of one hundred Irish airs. Want of space compels us to postpone a more extended notice of them until next week.

A visit to the extensive Gas Fixture Establishment of Mr. Butler, 112 Fulton street, Brooklyn, will fully compensate for the time spent in examining his patent portable gas works. It is simple in its construction and operation. We congratulate him on his success in supplying a deficiency heretofore experienced in giving sufficient light in churches and dwellings. It is a novel invention for the country where gas is not even thought of for illuminating churches. A letter from the Rev. Mr. O'Neil, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Brooklyn, can be found in our advertising columns.

ROMAN CATHOLIC ASYLUM FOR GIRLS.—The Annual Exhibition of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum for Girls, will take place at the Asylum, on the corner of Mott and Prince streets, on Tuesday the 25th inst., at 3 o'clock, P. M.

The friends of the Institution are cordially invited to be present.

M. J. O'DONNELL,
THOMAS BOYLE,
MARTIN WATERS. } *School Committee.*

Literature.

TALES AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY. By WILLIAM CARLETON. *New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.* 1858.

This volume before us contains some of the best of Carleton's minor compositions. When we say "minor" it is merely in reference to the length of the stories, for in the very shortest sketch among them, the vigor and vivid coloring of Carleton are as unmistakably remarkable as in the longest and most elaborate of his productions. Among the tales contained in the volume were the "Poor Scholar," and "Tubber Derg, or the Red Well," two of Carleton's finest stories, and which are even looked upon by most of his admirers as the masterpieces of their favorite author. The book is well got up, and the good paper and clear type make reading a pleasure.

THE COMMON SCHOOLS OF THE UNITED STATES COMPARED WITH THOSE OF EUROPE. By the Right Rev. Dr. SPALDING, Bishop of Louisville (Ky). *Louisville: Webb & Levering.*

This *brochure* contains an able article on the important subject which forms its title. It was first published in *Brownson's Quarterly Review*. The persistent eulogists of our school system here, who have never seen the workings of any other, would do well to consult this pamphlet. They would find in its pages considerable enlightenment which might perhaps make them less blind to the defects of their hobby. The learned Bishop has carefully revised and enlarged the original essay. We shall on a future occasion refer to this republication.

MARY, THE MORNING STAR; or, A Model of Interior Life. *Philadelphia: H. McGrath, 733 Market street.* 1858.

This excellent and edifying little book is from the Rev. John Grou's "Interieur de Marie," and is translated by a member of the Ursuline community, already favorably known to the Catholic community by the "Month of Mary" and other works.

We have received the first numbers of the *Literary Cabinet*, a London monthly magazine devoted to the instruction and amusement of Catholics. An article on "Catholic Literature," a "Biography of Dr. Manning," and a paper on the "House of Stuart," are among its principal attractions.

LATIN AND HERETICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

The glorious language of the Church has never been ardently cultivated by heretics. In Protestant countries, it has always held a very inferior position in comparison with that allowed to any other branch of human education. Take the United States for a palpable example. The different Protestant sects, with (*perhaps*) the bare exception of the Church of England, look upon this tongue with positive aversion. A Baptist minister who is a third-rate Roman scholar is a personage very difficult to be found. As for Methodist preachers, they are enlightened enough to teach that no species of learning is necessary for the order of the Priesthood. The Doctors of the remaining sects—Presbyterians, Quakers, Universalists, &c., *ad infinitum*, as they may be said to be, are, for the most part, entitled, with great justice, to remarks equally correct and complimentary. Finished Latin scholars may, indeed, be heard of now and then among the lay members of these different creeds; but the scholarship of such is an accident, which but few of them are ever anxious to see repeated in their friends or in their offspring, and which, in nearly all cases, can be assigned to Catholic influence for its cause. It is a fact within the experience of all, that as a general thing, Protestant fathers and guardians prefer for their wards and children the *material ability* which the physical sciences produce, to the enlargement and elevation of intellect and fancy which are always the divine result of generous classical training. If Protestant universities were formed for anything, it is for excellence in the purely material branches. They turn out good engineers, good land surveyors, good road makers, skilful excavators of mud and blasters of rock, good bridge builders, shippers and book-keepers. Young men intellectually enriched from extensive—from familiar acquaintanceship with the immortal Latin wits, poets, statesmen, jurists, critics and orators, these Institutions seldom, or never, let loose upon the world, no, no; their graduates may have a good deal of natural talent, and may presume to become physicians, counsellors, preachers and legislators, but not one in twenty of them enters on his chosen profession with scholarship enough to assist himself to any valuable degree, by consultation with any ancient author who has not been translated by some college recluse into his mother tongue. This is fact—positive fact. Protestant graduates have told us so—Protestant graduates have been frequently tested at Catholic Colleges and to their great discredit. In Protestant universities Latin exercises are a farce. Prosody may be in the shelves of their libraries, but, for certain, not in the heads of their students. In such places, Latin poetry is wonderfully rare, and Latin prose is wretchedly bad. Yes, in Protestant colleges—take the whole of them, from Glasgow to Boston—Latin culture is looked upon as a difficult, useless branch, as necessary neither for Theologian, Physician, Lawyer, Legislator, nor gentleman. And thus it is that Protestant nations, Protestant doctors, Protestant jurists and Protestant schools, have, as a very general thing, a violent distaste for the language of the Church, and none of the polish, or vigor, or graces of mind and imagination which an ambitious and enlightened cultivation of it is so certain to produce.

For proof of this, make a comparison between Catholic churchmen and Protestant churchmen. What Anglican Divine can be compared to Bossuet? What *uncalled* minister of the pseudo-church set up by Mr. Wesley could hold his own with the most illustrious of illustrious Jesuits, Cardinal Bellarmine? What English Archbishop equal to Mai of the Vatican Library? What minister at all as well educated as any one of the Alumni of the Irish College at Paris, of the Roman College at Rome, of St. Omer's, of Maynooth, in Ireland? Compare Protestant country with Catholic country. What is the culture of England and the United States in comparison with that of Spain, Portugal, Italy, and France? In each of these nations the Latin constitutes the principal feature in education, and every graduate belonging to them is a scholar and a gentleman, splendidly furnished for any of the exalted professions in life.

But we should not be surprised at this. The Protestant heresy, that thief of truth from the intellect, and planter of error in the hearts of men, is the chief cause of it. The first *pseudo-reformers* had no small share of malignant cunning in them, and they brought it into full activity. They saw well that their diabolical object of rupturing the unity of the Faith could be brought about by no means more effective than that of bringing into disrepute the language in which the Church, the only depository of the Faith, made its laws, sustained its government, gave instruction, kept up communication between its ministers, from the Pope to the humblest priest, which it used in prayer and in all its ceremonies, in Sacrament and Sacrifice—yes, they well understood that between unity and doctrine, and unity in tongue, there is hardly any difference, and they acted accordingly. They therefore proceeded with all the craft and energy at their command to destroy the universality of the latter. It will be understood that at that time the Latin was the leading language in Europe. The course of action was contained in the following argument: "The Catholic Church requires in all who aspire to its ministry acquaintance with the Roman tongue. The less Latin, therefore, the less Priests, and consequently the less the universality and unity of the Church. To break up whatever of these two characters it has, is our aim. We must, therefore, do all we can to prevent our young men from learning Latin." This they did by misrepresentation and force. With characteristic, impudent falsehood, they designated the tongue as a dead one, as if the tongue in which the Everlasting Church does all its business with God and its members, spread as they are all over the world, could die! and with heretic cruelty, hundreds, who were far advanced in the study, and hundreds who were strongly desirous of entering on it, were interrupted in their career and in their ambition by the influence of the same hostile, ungenerous reformers.

Here are the means: falsehood and force by which the Latin was brought into disrepute, and here is the cause thereof, the heretic intent of breaking up the unity and universality of the Church. And these facts (witness our narration of the effects of these) are as rampant today as ever they were. The heretics of the nineteenth century are as much opposed to finished Latin culture, as those from whom they have inherited the irreligion and scepticism by which they are so unfortunately and so deeply branded.

It is to be regretted, too, that by many Catholics, Protestant views with regard to the Latin are partially held. Of course, we do not mean that any members of the true Church object to training in that tongue through animosity to the Church, or through carelessness about its interests and its glory. What I intimate is that there are large numbers of the faithful, who, through ignorance of the religious importance of the Latin, adopt Protestant logic as to its worldly utility, and thus have become staunch supporters of Protestant design. Let Catholics be guided by anglican logic in nothing. To them the Latin has something transcendently more valuable than literary or worldly importance. It is not by any means a dead, or an expiring language. It is the glorious channel on which has floated down to us unbroken and unsullied Divine and Apostolic tradition, and on which the same sacred treasures shall continue to float to the dissolution of the world. It is by it that intercourse is kept up between the Head and the Ministers of the Church, to be found in every part of the globe teaching with untiring zeal—with restless, heavenly ambition and success, the principles of eternal life. It is in it, Jerome, Augustine, Gregory, Bonaventure, Aquinas, A Lapide, and Bellarmine, wrote, spoke, attacked, defended and won. It is in it dogma and the laws of conscience are set forth. It is used at our baptism, at our marriage, at all the sacraments we receive, and at our death. It is in it the Church speaks, prays and sings to heaven; —no—no, the Latin is not a dead tongue: while the Church lives it shall live; wherever the Church spreads it shall spread.

Let us, therefore, find Catholic parents more liberal and enlightened than they are in securing Latin training for their children. Let them throw off Protestant suggestion and be guided by the infallible Spirit of the Church in everything that appertains to education. By this means, Protestant influence, never good, but always bad, will be deadened; and Protestant mischief, always terrible, will be counterbalanced—by this means, for by it tens of thousands will enter the Church who otherwise would, doubtless, never think of such a thing, heresy, the child of Satan, for falsehood it is, will be driven back from the Godlike souls of the people to its native shades of darkness.

There is a splendid number of Catholic Colleges in the United States. There is Georgetown, now bordering on its hundredth year, and one of the most glorious seats of learning on the globe—an Institution which has given Priests, Bishops and Archbishops in no small measure to the American Church, and the most accomplished professional gentlemen to society. There is Mt. St. Mary's, the Mother of Prelates. There is Worcester, Fordham, and several others. Here are evidences that the most exalted species of Catholic training is not difficult to obtain here. Let these advantages be taken hold of with the proper spirit.

J. M. S.

TOM MOORE AND HIS CRITICS.

[*From the Cobourg Star.*]

In the course of a lecture delivered by Mr. McGee in Cobourg, that gentleman made the following digression in relation to Dr. Charles Mackay's remarks in a recent lecture deprecatory of Thomas Moore as a national Poet. He said:

Although it is aside from my main purpose, ladies and gentlemen, you will permit me, I am sure, to enter my entire protest against the very sweeping censure lately pronounced on the poet I have just mentioned (Moore) by a certain songster and lecturer. It appears to my poor judgment that Dr. Mackay has, in his lecture on Irish and Scottish songs, followed too credulously the *dictum* of a certain school of English critics, who place all the merit of poetry in its subjective depth and force. This *dictum* was first directed against Moore, if I remember rightly, by Haslitt; and from Haslitt's days down to ours, it has been idly enough echoed and re-echoed. Now, I readily admit that subjective originality is one element of poetic power, and in order of time the very first. But which of the subjective schools has won the ear of the world—which of them has reached the heart of man—which of them has ennobled the social state, like the Bards and Song-writers, whose verses we hum in our loneliness, and chant by our firesides? If poetry be both a science and an art; or, if it be inspiration controlled in its utterance by harmonious laws; if it be the true under the form of the beautiful, then the true poet is he who not only thinks and feels more deeply and intensely than the rest of his race, but who expresses what he thinks and feels, more elegantly, more accurately, and more musically. We cannot conceive unmusical poetry, any more than we can conceive shapeless statuary. Form is as essential as subject, and it does not at all follow that the perfection of form should be the attenuation of matter. The Apollo does not give the impression of feebleness, though it is the very masterpiece of symmetry and grace; nor do Raphael's exquisite proportions denote either poverty or puerility of conception. Moore is censured for singing too sweetly—an impeachment that might be made against the nightingale with equal truth and equal taste. At his call all the liquids and labials of our language fell into their places—every poetic thought of his brought the melodious record with it, as the fairies might bring the flowers in which they most delighted to a general feast in fairy land. But let any captious critic of the subjective school show us in Moore one superfluous word, one needless line, one faulty antithesis, one obscure allusion, and I will join him in pronouncing it a fault or a failure of the poet. He was elegant and elaborate, not because he was unmanly, but because he was musical; and music, though in modern times considered rather a feminine accomplishment, than a manly art, will not be voted wholly separable from the most masculine genius, so long as the great masters of the noblest literatures are honored and remembered amongst men. (Loud applause.)

THE PROVINCIAL COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE—SERMON OF THE BISHOP OF CHARLESTON.

[*From the Baltimore American of April 10th.*]

The public announcement that the sessions of the Ninth Provincial Council would terminate at the service at the Cathedral yesterday morning, (Sunday,) attracted an immense concourse of persons to the place, both for the purpose of witnessing the imposing procession and ceremonies, and listening to a discourse by the Right Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Charleston. Long before the hour named for the commencement of the exercises, the entire square surrounding the building was pretty well occupied by dense crowds, whilst the interior of the spacious edifice presented an impressive scene. All the long ranges of pews and aisles were crowded, together with the galleries over the main and side entrances.

It was about a quarter after ten o'clock when the procession commenced moving from the Archiepiscopal Mansion, and which passed slowly along, a body of the clergy chanting, and the whole exceeding one hundred in number, all of whom were arrayed in full pontificals, proceeded up the central aisle and took seats within the sanctuary. Such was the intense anxiety to witness the procession, that a large number of gentlemen of the Young Catholics' Friend Society were judiciously posted in lines along the enclosure, vestibule and aisles, in order to keep the necessary space cleared until the service had commenced. The arrival, at the door, of the procession was indicated by a lively prelude performed upon the great organ of the Church, after which commenced a solemn Pontifical Mass, which occupied an hour and a half.

The Right Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Charleston, then ascended the pulpit, and proceeded to deliver a discourse, based upon the following verses from the 28th chapter of Matthew: "And Jesus coming, spoke to them, saying: All power is given to me in heaven and on earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And, behold, I am with you always, even to the consummation of the world."

The Bishop observed that the ceremonies which the congregation had witnessed were no idle pageant, gotten up for the purpose of charming the imagination, of arresting the attention, or captivating the feelings of the heart, for there was a grand reality in them which could not fail to impart reverence and awe on the part of the believer. He who had created heaven and earth had spoken the words of the text, and would approve and sanctify the rites and ceremonies of the occasion. When two or three were assembled together there Christ would be in the midst of them, and that to bless, and after His departure He would send the comforter to them, even the Holy Spirit? They would suggest all things which were necessary to prepare the soul of man for the kingdom.

The Bishop then proceeded to show that Christ had established a kingdom and a Church which was to represent the former in the world. The Church was in the world, but not of the world, and in its onward march it would not only bring peace and happiness, but be attended with war and strife; but amidst the mutations of fortune, the dethronement of potentates, and the exaltation of paupers, the Church would fulfil her office and perform her work. And such was the Church which had assembled on the present occasion. He had known the Church in his sweetest recollections, in her holy lesson of truth, her admonitions of duty, when her rich coffers of grace were so freely poured out to their souls as they grew up, but her richest treasures consisted in her Holy Sacraments; in her forgiveness of sin; and then he would point to her imparting holiness where sin once abounded, giving consolation in the hour of trouble, strength in weakness, and hope for despair.

To-day we witnessed the Church in her legislative capacity, in order to rule the flock of Christ in the true spirit of the Church, to the

end that all of God's commandments might be known by the sons of men, and their sins forgiven. The Church was working hard to establish the kingdom of God, and was now in Provincial Council with all her authority. He would remind those present that it was not a new Church, but the same which existed in the very cradle of Jerusalem. In the apostolic age, the apostles came together and held the first council at Jerusalem, and they received the promise that the Spirit and the power would abide in them, and now he that received the Church received Christ, but who despised the Church despised Christ. It was the same Church which assembled at Nice, for the purpose of removing all doubts and settling the great fundamental principles of Christianity, and to attest those great doctrinal truths which they were taught by the Holy Ghost to serve God in all holiness, and Christ thought it not robbery to put off the robe, so to speak, of His Godhead, and take upon himself the ordinary habiliments of men, in order that men should be saved.

Eighteen and a half centuries had passed away, but she had never ceased to claim her authority, and to exercise it frequently, and there could be no honest doubt of the truth, that it was the same Church one century ago, or ten centuries ago, or longer than that

The Ninth Provincial Council to be closed to-day in Baltimore was the same character of Council which had always been held in order to legislate for her good, and the Church had given her the same duty to perform which she had given from the beginning. Her work was to teach all men; her duty to elevate the moral character of mankind everywhere, and to place mankind in such a position as would enable it to reach the kingdom of Heaven. It consisted in the preaching of the great doctrine of repentance, and to teach men to love God. The Bishop would also prove that the discipline, doctrines, and rites and ceremonies of the Church, were the same as ever.

As for the prelates appearing in costume, he would assure his hearers that their costume taught the most valuable lessons of history, and that those symbols were also fraught with interest to the true Christian. He next proceeded to consider the early missions of the Church, how it had confounded philosophy, overturning heathen mythology and effecting the greatest revelation which the Church had ever known, and no force or authority of the sceptre could make men refuse to hear her teachings.

But he would consider briefly the traducers of the Church. Men asserted that she trammelled the intellect, introduced ceremony and formalism for the spirit and the power, that she possessed hidden mysteries dangerous to mankind, and that her teachings called men from the service they owed to their country in order to serve her. Men outside of the Church would thus speak, yet of all which they said, there was nothing new in it; for all had been said at the beginning; all had been uttered at home by the basest of politicians and philosophers. Nero heard them, and he dared to use them against the Church, and his nefarious deed rendered his name a memorial of horror for all time to come.

It was thus that the world at the outset took ground against the Church, even in the days of its primeval existence, and especially during the first three centuries. As for the persecutions and martyrdom which she experienced at the hands of bitter and most unrelenting enemies, who could speak of it? who adequately depict such unparalleled atrocities? No, it was not possible to speak of even one-tenth of what had been done.

But in all her trials and sore afflictions the Church of God had stood the shock and would continue to stand, although all outside of her pale were against her. Kings, Emperors and Crowns, had all opposed her progress, but were compelled to yield. Her bishops had been cast into prison, and legislation specially directed against her influence, whilst her chief pastor had been sent to a dungeon by an emperor who claimed to be Christian.

One office of the Church had been to reprove wickedness, especially in high places, and daring to censure even the great powers of earth, was one cause of that opposition which she experienced. Another cause was that she was opposed to the pride and arrogance of men, and was it not natural therefore to have their opposition? In the very day of Christ men rose up and declared that they would have no king but Cæsar, and that spirit prevailed at the present day. But he must repeat that in all her oppositions the Church saw nothing new, and that her enemies expected to crush her, but they had all passed away.

A long line of Roman Emperors endeavored to crush her, but *they*, too, had passed away, and now it was impossible to tell where their bones rested. There was not one kingdom, nor one princely house which then stood, that had not fallen long ere this, but the Church stands as some pyramid upon the sands of Egypt. Like some vast mountain raising its summit to the heavens, the clouds from the north and the south, vaster in their bulky expanse, madly approached, the thunder roared, and the vivid lightning would strike the cliffs around her, but the bright sun of the morning would reveal all her sides and bold proportions, clothed with still a more refreshing and more enduring verdure.

In conclusion, the Bishop would urge with all the earnestness and power he could command, the necessity of those living right who had been received into communion. They pretended to be members of Christ's living body, how careful then ought they to live, in order to prove examples to those who were near and dear to them. As to those who were seeking the truth, they must be willing to hear and not deny the truth; they must be willing to see, and not close their eyes as many did in the days of Christ. They were not to be guided or overruled by what the world would say, but rather listen to the words which went forth from the lips of the Church, and if doubts prevailed in the mind, they must carefully, earnestly, and with a prayerful spirit, endeavor to possess themselves with the real truth.

There was but one Lord, one faith, and one baptism, and there was one Church to whom Christ gave power to preach and to remove the burden of guilt and sin. He would exhort all the faithful to re-kindle their ardor, to redouble their exertions in order that all of God's graces might be poured out to them.

The Bishop having concluded, the usual ceremonies preparatory to the closing of the Council were conducted with great solemnity and reverence, and after the deliberations of the body had been read, and the record officially sealed, the presiding Bishop declared the Council at an end.

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN'S ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

PART VI.

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

Questions connected with the administration of Justice involve such a wide range of discussion that, even if I felt myself competent to deal with them in a satisfactory manner, I should not venture in this Address to invite your attention to them. But there are one or two points upon which it seems to me that I am specially bound to offer observation, because they have fallen within the circle of my own personal experience.

The first of these points is, what I will not call *the habit*, but the *power* which exists in Ireland of *packing juries*.

In ordinary cases the officials of the Crown—that is—the minister of the day and his subordinates—are indifferent, and therefore impartial in respect to the result of trials which afflict the life or liberty of individuals. But it is not so in regard to trials of a political nature. The whole character of the system of government which shall prevail in a country may depend upon the issue of a single trial. In the administration of public affairs there may arise a direct antagonism between public opinion and the officials who conduct the executive government—more especially if, as is the case in Ireland, those officials represent the feeling which prevails in another country, and are not ultimately amenable to the people whose affairs they administer. Now, according to the *theory* of the British Constitution, Trial by Jury has been devised for the purpose of protecting the subject against the exercise of any undue influence on the part of the executive. In England this theory is realized in practice. We have seen a number of cases in which Chartists and other political offenders have been brought to trial, but I do not remember an occasion on which any discontent has been expressed in reference to the appointment of the juries that have tried them. It is not so in Ireland! I shall not dwell upon my own case, though it is the opinion of many eminent lawyers that I was not duly convicted of High Treason, and that, if I had been tried in England, I should have been acquitted. But I have no desire to escape from the responsibility which attends my own acts or to cast imputation upon the jury who tried me. The position which I am now endeavoring to maintain is that the system under which the political trials of 1848 were conducted is a system which gives to the officials of the crown as complete a power of convicting the accused as any that exists under the ordinary structure of a despotism—a power as complete, for instance, as that by which the judicial murder of the Duc d'Enghien was perpetrated under the sway of the first Napoleon.

The machinery is, indeed, somewhat more complex than that of a direct and immediate nomination of Judges appointed—not to try a prisoner but to condemn him. The High Sheriff is selected by the Government and the High Sheriff selects a panel which he can arrange in such a manner as shall deprive the accused of all chance of escape. Take, for instance, the trial of a Roman Catholic—my friend Thomas Francis Meagher. Though the county of Tipperary is one of the most Catholic counties in Ireland, there was not, if I recollect rightly, a single Catholic on the jury which tried him. Now imagine what would be the indignation of the Protestants of the empire if a Belfast Orangeman were to be tried by a jury consisting exclusively of Roman Catholics for some offence connected with those military parades of Orangemen which have so often taken place in the North of Ireland. I have already said that I will offer no opinion upon the verdict under which I was sentenced to death, and actually transported, but I have no hesitation whatever in affirming that Mr. Meagher was not convicted according to law, and that upon the evidence which came before the Court he ought to have been acquitted, if he had been tried by a jury fairly constituted. Yet, I am now at home, and Mr. Meagher is still in exile—prohibited for ever from visiting, even for a short time, the country to which he is fondly attached. I am little disposed to speak disrespectfully of my Catholic fellow-countrymen, but I tell you frankly that it is a disgrace to the Catholic community of Ireland that they have not, as one man, demanded the restoration of Mr. Meagher to his country. Irrespectively of the merits of the cause for which he suffered, the gratitude which they owe to his father, who was for many years a faithful representative of the people—the interest which they might naturally have felt in the genius of the young orator who promised to rival Grattan and Curran in eloquence—above all, the flagrant insult which was offered to the whole Catholic community by the exclusion of Catholics from the jury which tried him—all these considerations ought to have kept in a state of uneasiness the mind of every Irish Catholic so long as Thomas Francis Meagher was detained in exile. During the supremacy of the Whigs, this trifling concession might have easily been obtained by influential pressure on the part of those who upheld the late government. The Whigs have lost the opportunity of doing an act—I will not say—of grace or of generosity, but of simple justice. It remains to be seen whether their successors—whether the Whiteside—the Napier—the Fitzroy Kelly—who, as paid advocates, arraigned the verdicts under which we were condemned, will now think it consistent with the dignity of their party or with their own personal honor to consent that a man whom they believe to have been unjustly convicted shall be any longer subjected to proscription and exile.

I say nothing about the cases of Mr. Mitchell and of Mr. M'Manus, because they repudiate all intervention on their behalf, but it is wonderful that Englishmen should dare to arraign the Governments of Austria and Naples on account of the severity with which they treat political offenders who have taken part in actual revolt—it is wonderful that they should screen and applaud conspiracies formed for the assassination of the foreign despot whom they greeted with fulsome adulation when they required his assistance in their hour of need—whilst they allow three Irishmen to remain under proscription, whose hands are unstained by blood, and whose only crime was an abortive attempt to restore to their country its legislature. Ten years of imprisonment or exile are not considered an adequate punishment for the offence of having endeavored to recover for their native land its undoubtful right. To me it seems (and upon this point I am sure that I speak the sentiments of a vast majority of my fellow-countrymen) that such petty vindictiveness is very contemptible, and utterly unworthy of a nation which claims for itself, above all others, the virtue of magnanimity.

I am sure that I shall be forgiven for this digression respecting my fellow-sufferers by all who are capable of feeling a generous emotion. I trust that I have said more than enough to convince you that the Jury Laws of Ireland should be so amended as that the possibility of *packing juries* should be henceforth totally abolished.

I would also entreat your attention to the grievous wrong which is often done to individuals by allowing them to be detained in prison for many months before trial. It appears that out of seven persons committed to jail in Ireland three are acquitted—the number of persons committed in 1856 having been 7,099, of whom 4,024 were convicted, and 3,075 acquitted; so that, if we presume those who are acquitted to be innocent, it would seem that nearly one half of those who are committed to jail suffer by anticipation a punishment to which they are not justly liable. In the case of the two Englishmen who were recently taken prisoners by the Government of Naples, for having assisted an armed force to invade the Neapolitan territory, great indignation has been manifested on account of their detention in prison for several months without trial, but it appears that in our country similar detention takes place every year in the case of several thousand individuals.

At the last Donegal Assizes a large number of prisoners charged with having killed or stolen sheep, were, if the newspapers report correctly, sent back to prison, because the functionaries of the Crown were not ready to prosecute them, and their application to be permitted to stand out on bail was refused. Now if these prisoners, or any of them, be innocent, such innocent persons will have suffered by anticipation a degree of punishment which might perhaps have been more than an adequate penalty for the offence of which they are accused, in case they had been found guilty of committing it. Is there any one among you who would not deem it to be a cruel grievance if he were to suffer confinement in jail during a period of nine months, or even two months, under a false imputation, that he had committed an offence in regard of which he was altogether innocent? The natural remedy required to obviate such injustice is, that there should be more frequent circuits for jail-delivery, and that bail shall be refused only in the case of the most heinous crimes.

In a future publication your attention will be directed to some topics of a miscellaneous kind, connected with the local affairs of Ireland.

I remain, your faithful friend,

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

Cahirmoyle, April 26th, 1858.

MAGISTERIAL APPOINTMENTS.—The Earl of Desart has received the commission of the peace for the city of Kilkenny.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed J. Waugh, Esq., of the Dargle, Enniskerry, a magistrate for the county of Wicklow.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed John Charles O Donnell, Esq., of Castleview, Kilmallock, to the commission of the peace for the county Limerick.

John Thomas Davys, Esq., Clonbonny, has been appointed to the commission of the peace for the county Longford.

THE TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTURE OF LUCKNOW—IMMENSE LOSS OF THE ENGLISH.

A letter published in the *Gazette de France* gives the following details of the occupation of Lucknow by the English. It will be seen that these details vary in a number of very material points from the accounts given in the English journals. Knowing, by experience, that the details published in these newspapers on the subject are, for the most part, but a mass of stupid fabrications, we have declined to give place to any of them in our columns:

The city of Lucknow extending along the right bank of the Jumti is, in many parts, not more than five hundred yards from the river into the open country. Hither, for the second time, the Indian army has enticed Sir Colin Campbell, and it is thence that that army will cause him to go forth precisely as on the first occasion; for the English General has been compelled to force his way through barricades and houses pierced with loopholes, under cover of which the Sepoys at their perfect ease, and completely sheltered, deliberately took aim at and shot down the British soldiery, of whom not less than 1,800 fell on the spot at the first attack. Here is one fact which the despatches from Bombay and Calcutta have intentionally omitted, in the same manner as they have been totally silent regarding another fact, that not a single Indian was taken either dead or alive, so skilfully and with so little molestation was their retreat contrived and executed. It was after the English had paid thus dearly for an illusory advantage that the Sepoy army retired in three columns, consisting not of 50,000, as the lying despatches of the English state, but of full 62 000 men, according to the truth now brought to light. These three columns defiled in perfect order with cannon, covered waggons, baggage, &c., within sight of the disappointed conquerors who would, no doubt, have been delighted to butcher them one after the other at the point of the sword. It was, however, not want of the necessary time that prevented their doing this; for it is easy to conceive the length of time which the 62,000 Sepoys must have required to effect this interminable movement so leisurely in the immediate presence of their enemies. We say interminable, because the roads and the bridge which they had to traverse were exceedingly difficult to pass. Notwithstanding these disadvantages the *mutineers* departed with their bands playing cheerily in their van.

Sir Colin, therefore, is, and still remains, in Lucknow, without any other consolation than that of being at length able to write that he has taken possession of a city utterly deserted, with nothing else left him to do than to conceal, as best he can, the loss he has sustained, without having the slightest advantage in return. One division of the Indian army has forced its way towards the northwest of Cawnpore, directing its course to the extensive district of Moradabad, which forms a part of Rohilcund, and commands that great province which is thus named, because it is wholly peopled by the Rohilly Musselmen. A second division of equal strength has marched westward in the direction of Etawah; and a third portion considerably stronger than the preceding two has bent its steps to the southwest, in order to enter Bundelcund. This large and fertile province, bordering on the presidency of Bombay on the west, has Madras at the south, and stretching to the banks of the Djumna, faces Gwalior, Saugor, and Allahabad. Everywhere in these districts the insurgent armies will have an abundance of provisions to subsist upon, far preferable to the *white sand* of the ingenious *Morning Post*. They will have means to recruit their numbers enormously, not with ill-conditioned riff raff like the *immense reinforcements* of which the English so magniloquently boast, but with an abundance of soldiers, veteran and new, docile and disciplined, like those who have so utterly amazed Sir Colin, and who are now the object of a special report from this Commander-in-Chief; for it is beginning at length to be admitted that the native army already counts amongst its ranks twenty-two battalions of new levies, who, by their regular order and excellent equipment, yield in nothing to the veteran regiments who have quitted the service of the East India Company.

BELYING AUSTRIA.—The Paris *Univers* says: "There are evils which are common to all the capitals of Europe. Each of them, for example, possesses a *Times* correspondent. With very few exceptions these gentlemen speak of the affairs of the country in which they dwell with unheard-of arrogance. Here is a striking example: M. Nestroy, Manager of the Vienna Theatre, had been authorized by the government to legitimate his natural children. The case was a purely civil and administrative act. The *Times* correspondent wrote that a conflict had arisen on the subject between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities; that the Archbishop of Vienna had addressed a complaint to the Emperor, but had not succeeded, and that he had even lost the right of presenting himself before his Majesty without previous permission, a right which belongs to him as Cardinal, according to ancient usage, in the court ceremonial of Vienna. The whole story is entirely refuted. The legitimation of the said children being in the exclusive department of the civil power, the conflict mentioned by the *Times* correspondent was impossible. The Cardinal Archbishop has not had to intervene, and has in no way incurred disgrace with the Emperor."

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

The Financial Statement.—Dizzy astonishes the natives.—Four millions of a deficiency.—Not so much as it might have been.—How to supply it.—Stamps on Cheques.—Equalization of the spirit duties.—Ireland to pay the difference.—How to make the tax fall lightly. —Park and Webb once more.—Palmerstonian pledges. —Bill for establishing Reformatory Schools in Ireland. —The Freemen of Galway.—Church rates—The Oaths' Bill—Bernard.—Donegal.—The Prince of Wales and the "Mountain Dew."

LONDON, 23rd April, 1858.

Disraeli triumphantly passed through the ordeal of the budget on Monday night, as far as the House was concerned, and his measures for supplying the deficiency will, I think, be favorably looked upon by at least the mass of the population of England, Scotland and Wales. His financial scheme will, no doubt, incur the disapprobation of certain classes in Ireland. After the close of an expensive war, in the midst of a wide-spread revolt, and surrounded by the wrecks of the late monetary whirlwind, is not a very favorable moment for the concoction of a budget. The diminution of the income tax and the liability of a former ministry added to the difficulties of the operation, so that, in familiar phrase, the public account may be figured thus in round numbers: Expenditure, sixty-seven millions; Receipts, sixty-three, leaving a deficiency of four millions odd. The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes that the act creating a sinking fund for the application of surplus revenue to the payment of liabilities, be repealed. This reduces the deficiency to two millions and a half. He next proposes to postpone paying the two millions of Exchequer Bonds which were to have been met this year, which leaves only five hundred thousand pounds to be provided for. For this purpose he suggests the imposition of a penny stamp on bank cheques and the equalization of the spirit duties in England and Ireland. This latter scheme increases the Irish, without augmenting the English tax and will be looked upon as an injustice by our Irish friends. It certainly bears injustice on the face of it but then it does not fall on a necessary object of consumption and the Irish can easily evade it by curtailing their indulgence in spirits and they will be all the better for the tax. The cheque tax will be strenuously opposed by the financial classes. The opposition has already been inaugurated; for the London Committee of Deputies from the Joint Stock Banks of the three kingdoms have already issued resolutions against it. On the whole, however, the Chancellor's budget is looked upon as a satisfactory performance and much better than was expected from him.

It was announced by the Chancellor on Friday last that the law officers of the Crown had decided that the imprisonment of the "martyrs," Park and Watt, by the Neapolitan authorities was illegal, and that a despatch had been addressed to the Minister of the King of Naples demanding compensation for the grievances experienced by our "fellow-countrymen, Park and Watt." So we have not done, even yet, with those persecuted gentlemen.

We had an exposition of Palmerstonian tactics on the same evening in the avowal of the ex-Premier, that, notwithstanding all his promises, and the partial measures he shelved by hinting at a ministerial scheme *in esse*, the late ministry had no bill whatsoever drawn up on the subject of Parliamentary reform, at the moment of their defeat. This shows how much Lord Palmerston and his colleagues thought of their pledges.

Leave was given on Tuesday to Mr. Sergeant Deasy, to bring in a bill for the promotion of reformatory schools in Ireland, The Galway Freemen Disenfranchisement bill was characterized as partial and unjust, punishing the innocent and not all the guilty, as the most culpable, the bribers, were allowed to go scot free. The House subsequently went into Committee upon the bill and the Chairman was ordered to report progress. On going into committee on the Church Rate bill, an amendment that the act do not go into operation before three years was negatived without a division. The motion that the Chairman should report progress was lost.

The Oaths' Bill passed the second reading in the Lords yesterday; Lord Derby stated that he should take the course he had ever taken on the subject, when the portion of the bill regarding the admission of the Jews into Parliament should come up for consideration. In Committee he should move the omission of the clause enabling them to sit in Parliament.

In the Commons on the same day the Attorney-General said that as Bernard had been acquitted by a jury, and the charge of conspiracy was based on the same evidence, he had considered it inexpedient to proceed with that charge. Sir R. Bethel said that the evidence was sufficient to convict Bernard of conspiracy, and asked if instructions had been given by government to change the charge; the Attorney-General replied that he was ready to defend his conduct, but did not do so. A committee was granted to inquire into the distress in Donegal, on a division which resulted in the granting of the committee by a majority of 36.

The verdict in the case of Bernard has not surprised any one. He would have been acquitted under any circumstances. Indeed one may be permitted to doubt whether if Orsini, after his attempt, had escaped to London, a jury of Britons could be got to convict him. The "triumphant vindication of the right of asylum" &c., &c., has procured us a terrible infliction in the way of gaseous newspaper articles in the city papers.

The Prince of Wales, according to all accounts, is enjoying himself hugely in Ireland. He seems to be taking most kindly to one of the "institutions" of the sister isle, known by the familiar appellation of "potheen," in a hogshead of which, according to tradition, there is not a single headache to be found, though, through respect for historic truth, your correspondent must say that he has often found a very severe one in a "couple of tumblers" but then he was looked upon as the unworthy descendant of heroic forefathers. The Prince is at present revelling in Killarney and in his joy at being emancipated from court thraldom is particularly inclined to "raise" the "gentleman in black" who as everybody knows is buried in that romantic spot. W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Sardinia.—Rome.—Bernard's acquittal.—Perim.—The Revenue for 1858.—Pelissier's income.—A new street. —A new book.—The African mission.—The Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

PARIS, 22nd April, 1858.

The Sardinian Chambers have been occupied with the Deforesta Bill, or law concerning conspirators. You are, no doubt, aware that this bill is a ministerial project and that M. de Cavour and his ministry incurred by it the displeasure of their former supporters: the Left or Revolutionary Party. M. della Margarita, the leader of the Catholic party, declared that the body he represented, though they owed nothing to the ministry, would not give any factious opposition to the ministerial project which he declared met his approval. He regards the pressure exercised by France as just and said truly that if, in Piedmont, conspirators had not been sheltered as well as exiles, Europe would have no grounds for saying that germs of revolution were cultivated there. He showed that the embarrassments which surrounded Piedmont were the result of M. de Cavour's revolutionary policy. He asked that tribunals and not juries should have the right to decide in charges of conspiracy. Another deputy stated his conviction that the true friend of Piedmont and the true Italian Cause was France. England could not be depended upon. M. de Cavour in his own speech declared that the Napoleonic dynasty always showed itself more favorable to Italy then either the first or second republic. He addressed an apostrophe to his former friends, the Revolutionists, which will be calculated to estrange them still more from him. The general opinion is that the bill will pass; but the Cavour ministry will not be very likely to last a long time.

Letters from Rome state that Prince Alexander Torlonia intends establishiing at his own expense a chair of mental medicine in the University of Rome. He requires only that Doctor Monti, the Director of the Insane Asylum at Ancona, should be the first to occupy it.

The acquittal of Simon Bernard creates a great sensation here, and a feeling not at all favorable to London juries and English law. The press, as a general thing, refrains from any comments, with the exception of the *Univers* and the *Constitutionnel*. The *Univers* comes out boldly on the question, and attacks, in its own vigorous and fearless style, the great English journal. The *Constitutionnel* came to the defence of the *Times*, which, it said, had sustained the Conspiracy Bill and defended the honor of England. The *Constitutionnel* now regrets its knight-errantry as the *Times* has since approved the verdict.

It is stated by a German paper that French and Russian diplomacy has been endeavoring to induce the signers of the Treaty of April to take action with regard to the seizure of Perim by the English, but that so far the efforts of the representatives of both nations have been ineffectual.

The tables showing the amount of taxes and indirect revenue for the first quarter of 1858 as compared with that for the same three months in 1856. The difference shows an increase of nearly nineteen millions principally in the duties on liquors, on the manufacture of sugar and in the product of the sale of tobacco.

It is reported that the Duke de Malakoff intends giving some magnificent *fetes* in London. He can afford it. His pay amounts to 465,000 francs, he receives 500,000 as Ambassador, 60,000 francs as Senator and Marshal, 5,000 for the different orders and crosses he wears and 100,000 from other sources. So he has money enough to pay the fiddlers.

The municipal council has decided that one of the streets which opens on the Boulevard de Sebastopol shall be called the Rue de Canton in commemoration of the exploits of the Anglo-French army in the Central Flowery Land.

A book which is much talked of in all circles here has lately been published by M. Anatole de Savignac, entitled: *The Attitude and Conduct of England towards France.* It is a sort of indictment against England, and enumerates the various offences against international friendship and loyalty which she has committed with regard to her Gallic ally. The following quotation from Billots' *Lettres Franques* appears on the title page: "England watches you, spies you and assassinates you when your booty seems worth taking." Some highly interesting official documents are appended to this pamphlet which must create an excitement in England, at least among the newspapers.

The *Gazette de Lyon* announces that the new mission to Sierra Leone and Siberia will be confided to Monseigneur de Marion-Bresillac and the priests of the Seminary for the African Mission. The distinguished prelate has established this seminary at Lyons where he has purchased a house for the purpose. The Rev. Gentlemen are preparing to set out on their missions.

The general meeting of the members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul took place in the Chapel Basse at Saint Sulpice, this week. His Eminence Cardinal Morlot presided. A missionary attached to the Vicariate of Canton whence he has recently arrived, was present in Chinese costume and attracted a great deal of attention. After the reading of the report the Missionary addressed the meeting and spoke of all the difficulties he and his brethren had to contend with in China. The Cardinal-Archbishop closed the meeting by a short address in which he spoke words of commendation and encouragement to the members of the Society.

CONSECRATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, EAST FOURTEENTH STREET.

The Church of the Immaculate Conception, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Father Ryan, was consecrated on Sunday last, his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes officiating. His Grace arrived at the Church shortly after eight o'clock, when preparations were immediately commenced for carrying out the ceremony of consecration. The Right Rev. John Loughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn, and the Right Rev. John Barry, Bishop of Charleston, S. C., were both present. Among the clergymen we recognized the following:

The Very Rev. W. Starrs, Vicar-General; Archdeacon McCarron; the Rev. John Ryan, Pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception; the Rev. Eugene McGuire, Assistant Pastor of the same; the Rev. Wm. McClelland, Pastor of the Church of the Transfiguration; Rev. Mr. McNierney; Rev. Mr. Doucet; Rev. Mr. Preston; Rev. Mr. Kelly, of Jersey City; Rev. Mr. Curran, St. Andrew's Church; Rev. Mr. Walsh, Brooklyn; the Rev. Messrs. Hudon and Driscoll, Society of Jesus; Rev. Mr. Quin, of St. Peter's Church; Rev. Mr. McCarthy; Rev. Mr. Donnelly; Rev. Mr. Breen; Rev. Mr. McAleer; Rev. Mr. Fornell.

Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn, dressed in his full pontificals, officiated at High Mass, after which Archbishop Hughes ascended the pulpit, and delivered a discourse from the 83d Psalm.

"How lovely are thy Tabernacles, oh, Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord. My heart and my flesh have rejoiced in the living God. For the sparrow hath found herself a house, and the turtle a nest for herself where she may lay her young ones. Thine altars, oh Lord of Hosts, my Lord and my God."

He began by saying that the consecration just witnessed had the appearance of a single, isolated and separated character; but that it must be borne in mind that though the Church was physically separated by space upon earth still she was one and undivided. The rights observed there that day were the same as those which have been observed from the beginning of Christianity. There were no other ceremonies, nor unctions, nor benedictions, nor prayers in the Catholic Church for consecrations than those observed in that humble edifice that day. That Church had not only been ordinarily consecrated, but there was a most important consideration to be added to that sacred ceremony. It was the first Church on earth which had been set apart to the honor of the dogmatical doctrine of the immaculate nature of the mother of Christ. The Church was doubtless consecrated as all others to the Supreme Being, but it is placed under the special care of the Blessed Virgin Mother. It was the first sacred consecration to the truth of the Immaculate Conception—to the declaration that the Holy Virgin never had any taint of original sin. The Right Reverend Archbishop then entered into a succinct detail from Scripture of the fall of man, and its causes and effects; the necessity which existed for a Saviour who was not to be under the dominion of Satan nor of sin; and who was to remove the curse which was laid upon the world by a justly offended God. He then showed how necessary it was that this Saviour, whose flesh came of the substance of the Virgin Mary, and of her substance alone without any polluting contact, should be born of a mother who herself was free from the dominion of Satan and sin. He then passed on and explained the intents of the various ceremonies which had taken place that day, many of which would be subject to misrepresentation through ignorance or imperfectly understanding them. There were none of them that had not their foundation in Scripture and in the constant teaching of the Church. He then entered into a distinct description of the use of incense, prayers and supplications, over the dead matter of which the Church, altars, &c., were composed. These prayers were for the purification of these things; for, as at the fall of man the very earth was cursed for his sake, so anything coming from earth to be offered to God, or to be used in his service, should be purged by prayer and incense of the stain and slime of the serpent. In order to understand well the teaching of the Church on these matters, and more especially on the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, it would be necessary always to go back to the fall of man, and the remedy proposed by God himself for his deliverance. He then spoke of the humility of the Blessed Virgin, and remarked that though the Scriptures said little of her, and there were very few of her words recorded by the Evangelists, it could not be doubted that her's was a perfect character; and if he were called upon to point out a perfect being he would leave all the good men of earth, and soaring up to heaven, would pass over the angels of God—cherubim and seraphim—notwithstanding that they were pure and engaged in the service of God, day and night continually—and he would not find perfection till he pointed out the Blessed Virgin. For so unworthy a minister of Christ as himself, he thought it sufficient happiness that he had lived to see this last great evidence of the mercy of God to man pronounced as a doctrine by the head of the Church on earth. He had the happiness to be present at the time that the Immaculate Conception was so declared, and he could not help thinking even then how well it would be for the Catholics of New York to consecrate a temple to God in honor of the event—an event for which every pious Christian can never cease to bless God. The Catholic Church had always looked upon the Virgin as the first of all the creatures of God. First, not in the order of being, but of excellence. The Right Rev. gentleman said it would take up too much time for him to give the judgment of antiquity upon the question. It would take him two hours to recite the names alone, without making one quotation, of the Fathers of the Christian Church, who for 1,800 years had sounded the praises of the Virgin for her innocence and grace; and these could not find language to express their admiration of one so holy and so pure. He continued at some length to show that when the Fathers wrote of original sin and included all men under its ban, they stated distinctly that they did not thereby mean to include the Virgin Mother. She never had original sin, nor was she ever one moment under the power of Satan. He knew that we lived in a time when those who had separated themselves from the Church had called the doctrine into question; but some of these had gone so far as to deny altogether the existence of original sin. The Right Rev. Prelate concluded a very able discourse by applying the facts elicited by his argument to the Church of the Immaculate Conception and to the congregation present.

AMERICAN SYMPATHY FOR GWEEDORE.

To the Editor of the Derry Journal.

DEAR SIR:—Will you allow me to acknowledge the receipt of a bill of exchange, six pounds, for the Gweedore and Cloughaneely Fund, from a very kind and respected friend of mine, the Very Rev. William Quinn, Pastor of St. Peter's Church, Barclay street, New York.

It includes three pounds, his own personal contribution; two pounds from the Rev. Mr. M'Clelland, of the Church of the Transfiguration, Mott street; with one pound from his Curate, the Rev. Mr. Traynor.

What a delightful and beautiful feature it forms in the character of the Irish priest in America, "when wandering on a foreign strand," that he never can forget the land of his birth; and that his heart, like the billows of the ocean, heaves deeply and darkly for the wrongs and sufferings of his country—

"Where'er he roams, whatever lands to see,
His heart untravelled turns to thee."

Yes, never can the emigrant priest forget his native shore. The little river that rolls beneath his father's cottage, and upon whose grassy banks, whilom, he played in the innocent gaiety of childhood, the green turf, covering the ashes of some dear friend in the village cemetery, the daisy clad hills and dark ravine, and mountain, and shrub, and tree, with which he was familiar in days gone by, fail not to bring to his memory the associations of the home of his early days, to which often and anon I have seen him revert, midst all the attractions of a new country, with mixed feelings. It may be well said of him, when he bade farewell to his country—

"He wept as he left her; Oh cold is the heart
Which from thee and thy valleys could tearless depart.
And colder that heart is that ever forgot,
Let it rove where it may, the dear nauve cot.
Yet I think, and it may be all vain like the rest,
I shall visit again the dear Isle of the West."

Father Quinn has been long promising a visit to his friends in Donegal. Need I say how delighted I will be to meet him in St. Johnston.

Yours ever truly,
JAMES STEPHENS, P. P.

St. Johnston, county Donegal,
April 26, 1858.

THE WEATHER.—The past week has been unusually wet considering the present season of the year, the atmosphere being heavy and clouded. A thunder-storm came on on Saturday night which had the effect of rendering the following day bright and pleasant in the extreme.

CITY NEWS.

The Bible and the Public Schools.—The expulsion of the Bible from the Public Schools in the 4th Ward has aroused the ire of the different Protestant and Methodistical ranters in the community, black, white and grey. On Friday last one Erastus Brooks, of *Express* notoriety, submitted a series of resolutions on the subject, to the consideration of the American General Committee. The resolution being written in a style bordering on the profoundest mysticism, it took us some time to ascertain what the writer intended to establish. However, after reading the document several times, we discovered that the gist of the whole was to the effect, that it was the duty of the Board of Education to enforce the reading of the Bible in all the schools, and that no person should be appointed to a place or situation of emolument, under said Board, who was not prepared to retain the Bible in the schools. We hope the 4th Ward Trustees will stand firm in this matter. The expulsion of the Bible was not ordered, we presume, without sufficient cause, and after mature and deliberate consideration. That being the case they should not be operated upon by any amount of howling emanating either from Press or Puritanical convention. Besides, threats have been thrown out, and inuendoes freely used by adverse and bigoted parties. That being the case it becomes doubly imperative on the Trustees to adhere to the original resolution.

An "Illustrious Stranger."—Comonfort, ex-President, — ex-Dictator and ex-Churchplunderer of Mexico, arrived in this city late on Saturday evening last, and put up at the Metropolitan Hotel. Foiled in his attempts at plunder, and dreading the just indignation of the Mexican people, he has determined to make this country his home for the present. There was no excitement, no windy oratory, no parade, no Walkermen, no bad music to herald his arrival. Like the witches in Macbeth, he was allowed to come like a spirit, and so, in like manner, he will be allowed to depart.

The Cattle Market.—The cattle market was completely overstocked on Wednesday last, considerably more than three thousand head of cattle, mostly superior beef, being on hand. Prices consequently went down; not more than nine cents a pound being offered for the very best. Average lots were disposed of at prices not exceeding eight cents a pound.

City Mortality.—There were 404 deaths in this city last week, being a decrease of 26 on that of the week previous. The nativity table gives 290 natives of the United States, 61 of Ireland, 31 of Germany, 7 of England, 4 of Scotland, and 2 each of France, West Indies and British America, 1 each of Spain, Italy and Prussia, and 2 unknown.

California News.—The Steamer *Star of the West* arrived here from Aspinwall, on Thursday last, with California dates to the 20th of April, and $1,615,351 in treasure.

Upper-tendom has suffered a shock lately. A young lady of seventeen, who considered her own will as sufficient on all matters, social and domestic, eloped with her music teacher. The old folks were kept in the utmost ignorance and a private marriage was agreed on and carried out. Eventually when they became aware of what had taken place, they resolved to put up with what could not now be remedied, and extended the hand of friendship to their new son-in-law.

Rumor is still busy with Mrs. Cunningham. A report was prevalent some days ago to the effect that she had received the "bogus" baby from its mother, and was taking care of it as her own. The report, however, proved incorrect. Madam is at present residing in one of the upper wards of this city. Her youngest daughter got married a few weeks since.

A meeting of colored persons was held in this city on an evening last week for the purpose of protesting against a rule of the Sixth Avenue Railroad Company which excludes colored persons from riding in their cars.

A paper on the battle of New Orleans was read before the members of the New York Historical Society, at their meeting on the evening of Tuesday, the 11th inst.

It is estimated on competent authority that four hundred dead bodies are taken up annually from the waters surrounding New York City.

There are at present 222 patients in the New York Hospital.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Presentation.—A deputation from the parishioners of Nonghaville waited on the Rev. Michael Murray, P.P., Moyvore and Forganey, on Monday, April the 19th, and presented him with an address expressive of their admiration for the zeal and charity wherewith he exercised his sacred ministry amongst them for fifteen years. They assured him that, though regretting his removal from Noughaville, they heartily rejoice in his preferment, and hoped he might live long to exercise his ministry, with equal benefit for his new parishioners as for the old. They then presented, and begged his acceptance of a service of plate, as an evidence of the kindly feeling of his late parishioners towards him.

Destitution in Donegal.—The Right Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Derry, had lately an interview with the Right Rev. Dr. M'Gettigan respecting the reported destitution and oppression of the inhabitants of Cloughaneely and Gweedore. His Lordship of Raphoe confirmed the statement made by his ten zealous and respectable clergymen, and asserts that their appeal to the Christian world, in behalf of those poor and oppressed Celts, can bear the strictest investigation. Dr. Kelly handed to the Right Rev. Rishop of Raphoe his contribution of £2, to be transmitted to the Secretary of the Cloughaneely and Gweedore Fund Committee, hoping his example may induce others to go and do likewise.—*Londonderry Journal.*

Death of the Rev. Patrick Kehoe.—Died on the 20th April at the Parochial House, the Rev. Patrick Kehoe, who for 28 years has been Parish Priest of Leighlin, county Carlow, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. It was his daily practice to read a portion of the lives of the Saints, and when unable to do this for himself, he requested others to read for him for a definite time, which he would not make shorter by a minute. He died poor—but he laid up treasures in Heaven where "the rust doth not consume, and thieves do not break through nor steal."

New Catholic Cemetery.—As the old Catholic cemetery at Chelsea is about to be closed, great efforts have been made to procure a suitable site for the purpose of a new cemetery in the neighborhood of London. We are glad to learn that those efforts have been successful, and that thirty acres of land have been purchased at Kensal green, adjacent to the Protestant cemetery. There is a good house upon the ground, which it is intended to adapt for the purposes of a reformatory, and the institution will accordingly be removed thither from Brook green without delay.

The Duke of Hamilton and the Pope.—The Roman correspondent of the *Glasgow Free Press* says: "His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, on his arrival here lately, went to kiss the Pope's foot. The Holy Father, on rising from his seat, found a gift of twelve thousand scudi lying at his feet. His Grace attended at all the holy offices performed at St. Peter's and the Sistine Church during Holy Week, and at the solemn Mass and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on Easter Sunday."

Restitution.—A man named George Callaghan, of Castleisland, was robbed of £6 about ten years ago on the Vegera Mountain, which sum was restored to him a few days ago through the hands of the Very Rev. Dean M'Ennery.—*Tralee Chronicle.*

The *Nouvelliste de Rouen* mentions that Mgr. Blanquart de Bailleuil had discovered, in a town in the diocese of Cambray, the relics of St. Ouen, Archbishop of Rouen, who died in 689. These relics had been carried off during the revolution of 1793. Mgr. Blanquart de Bailleul, desirous of showing his anxiety for the welfare of the diocese which he has just left, has subscribed a large sum towards the shrine wherein these holy relics are to be deposited.

The Board of Guardians of Ardee Union, O. J. Caraher, Esq., in the chair, unanimously adopted a resolution permitting the Sisters of Mercy to visit the workhouse. The resolution was moved by Mr. Owen Callan. The chairman described the services the good Sisters would perform to the poor Catholic inmates of the establishment.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

An address and testimonial has been presented to the Rev. Thomas Gilbooly, C.C., of Ulla and Solohead, on the occasion of his removal to the curacy of Bansha. The reverend gentleman was presented with a purse of money amounting to £12.

The Rev. Dr. Rice, of the Irish College, Paris, has arrived in Dublin, and has been the guest of the Right Hon. the Chief Baron, and of Mr. Henry Grattan.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, and the Bishop of Bruges, have ordered public prayers in their dioceses for the cessation of drought.

The French engineers are erecting a Catholic Church at Canton, which is to be surmounted by a colossal cross.

Domestic.

The Indian Missions in the Northwest.—The San Francisco *Monitor* of the 17th ult. contains some interesting extracts from a letter received by the Rev. Father Congiato, Superior of the Jesuit Fathers in California and Oregon, from the Rev. Father Hoecken, a Jesuit Missionary among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains. The letter is dated St. Ignatius' Mission, Washington Territory, January 27th, 1858. Speaking of the Blackfeet tribe of Indians the Rev. writer says: "Father Menetry has lately visited Fort Benton, on the Missouri River, Nebraska Territory, and reports that the Blackfeet Indians are highly favorable to the object of his mission, and ardently desire to have Missionaries established amongst them. They are a very large tribe of Indians, consisting of five different bands, formerly hostile to each other, but now amalgamated in one nation. They number in all about 12,500 souls, and are separated from the Christian Indians, with whom they had been formerly at deadly fued, by the immense range of the Rocky Mountains. These savages are very brave and warlike, fine, noble, dauntless looking men; but are unquestionably the most ferocious and faithless of all the American Indians. They hunt the buffalo along the immense plains of the Upper Missouri, from the Rocky Mountains to the mouth of the Yellow Stone River, and from the country of the Crows to the English territory. In the fall of 1855, in company with the Rev. James Croke, of Oregon, I visited those Indians, at the solicitation of Governor Stevens, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Washington Territory, to make a treaty of peace between the Blackfeet and the surrounding Indians, with whom they were constantly at war. They urged us very earnestly to remain amongst them, and to teach them what they called the 'Big Prayer.' 'Our hearts are bad,' said the chief, 'but we have no one to teach us to please the Great Spirit. When we were young, our fathers led us to war; they taught us that, to be brave, we must kill and scalp our enemies. We have done. Their women are widows. The wolf has followed the trail of the Blackfeet, and fed on the bodies of their enemies. But we are children; we know no better. Let the Fathers remain with us and we will listen to their teachings. Their words will sink into our hearts.' We left those poor Indians with regret, then so happily disposed to listen to our teaching, but we consoled them, for the moment, by promising to return and live amongst them. This promise, I hope, is now about to be realized. I have received a letter from Father De Smet, dated from St. Louis, in which he tells me that a mission will be soon commenced not only amongst the Blackfeet, but also amongst the Crows, Sioux, and neighboring Indians; and, as they have thus far faithfully adhered to the conditions of the treaty made by Governor Stevens and Colonel Cummings, I have no doubt but the time for the conversion of those hitherto ferocious savages has arrived. Rev. Father Menetry has also visited the Coutenay nation, and says that they continue faithful to the religious teachings of the early Fathers by whom they were converted, and lead a truly Christian life. Our mission here, thank God, is rapidly progressing, not only in a spiritual but also in a temporal point of view. Our Indian Camp has assumed the appearance and all the importance of a neat rural village, with the beautiful little river of St. Ignatius rolling gently through it. It is composed principally of comfortable log houses, built entirely by the Indians, under the direction of lay Brothers, in all the various styles of architecture to suit Indian taste and convenience. They no longer, as of old, depend exclusively on the chase for a precarious living. They now till the land, and each head of a family, with very few exceptions, has a small farm varying from four to twenty acres in which he raises plenty of wheat, peas, and potatoes, to support his family. I need not tell *you*, my dear Father, what a consolation it is for me and my brother priests, after 15 years of labor and privations, to see those poor savages renounce at length their foolish prejudices against labor and become not only religious but industrious—to see every morning after prayers and Mass, which they attend regularly at 6 o'clock, the whole adult population of our little village go merrily to work. We have built a small grist mill worked by horse power, in which they grind their wheat, and we have also commenced a saw mill, which will cost us about $300, and which we hope to have in running order by the end of March. We are also building a new church. It will be a frame, 100 feet long by 40 wide. We had an extraordinary winter thus far, neither snow or rain or severe cold. We have promised to take observations every day on the thermometer for the Smithsonian Institute. But our thermometer is so small that we can be scarcely accurate. It only marks 10 degrees below zero.

St. John's Church, Newark.—During the past week the octave of the dedication of this Church has been celebrated in a most becoming manner. There has been on each day a High Mass, and in the evening Vespers and a Sermon, concluding with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. On Friday evening the Rev. E. Cassidy preached; on Saturday the Rev. Mr. Murray; on Sunday the Bishop of Brooklyn addressed a learned and instructive discourse to a large congregation; on Monday the Rev. A. Donnelly preached; on Tuesday the pulpit was occupied by the Rev. D. Duning, Curate of St. Peter's, New York; on Wednesday the Rev. Dr. Pease preached to a large congregation. On Thursday evening, the last day of the octave, being also the festival of the Ascension, the crowd which thronged the Church seemed larger than on any previous occasion. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Neligan of St. Joseph's Seminary, Fordham. The preacher took his text from the 27th Psalm and 7th verse, and showed how the occasion on which this psalm was written was typical of the Ascension of our Lord. Having shown the blessings which the Ascension of our Lord had procured for His Church and people, he proceeded to point out how the ceremonies made use of on the Consecration of the Church were also emblematic of the Ascension of our Lord, and calculated to keep these truths before our minds. The sermon lasted an hour, and was listened to with the greatest attention. Thus closed one of the most interesting ceremonies that has ever been witnessed in the State of New Jersey.

Religious Receptions.—Miss Anastasia Maher, in the convent of the Presentation Order on Powell street, received the white veil from the hands of the venerable Archbishop. The Very Rev. Peter Maganotto, V.G., together with Rev. Messrs. Cian, M. King, and J. A. Gallagher, assisted at the interesting ceremonial. The Archbishop preached a most impressive sermon on the noble calling and sublime duties of the religious life. The above Convent is in a very flourishing condition. The daily attendance of children—all females—at the schools is now over 300, and they have recently opened at the rear of the establishment a school for colored female children.—*San Francisco Monitor.*

The Easter celebration at St. Mary's Cathedral was fully as gratifying as anything of the kind we have ever witnessed. The attendance was as numerous as the Cathedral could contain, and the music was rendered with a precision and effect which surprised those to whom the splendid musical resources of this city were unknown. The piety evinced by the faithful was most edifying. The clergy of the city say that nowhere else in the Union have they known a greater pro rata of communicants to population than presented themselves at their various churches.—*Ibid.*

Sister Frances McEnnis has received from Mr. Kehoe, Treasurer of the Sons of the Emerald Isle, the sum of four hundred dollars as the proceeds of the ball for the benefit of the orphans, given on the night of the 17th March. —*Ibid.*

Workmen are busily engaged in completing St. Mary's Church, Rochester. It is expected to be ready for opening about the middle of August. When finished it will be one of the most elegant and best arranged churches in Western New York. The worthy pastor, Rev. T. M'Evoy, has spared no personal labor to erect a monument to the honor and glory of God and the accommodation of his increasing congregation.—*Buffalo Sentinel.*

We regret to learn that the Rev. E. Kirby, formerly of Savannah, Ga., and whose services during the yellow fever year will long be remembered in that city, has been seriously attacked by an apoplectic fit in Atlanta, in that State, and for some time was considered in great danger. Later accounts, however, we are happy to say, announce that the Rev. gentleman is somewhat relieved.

The Brothers of the Christian Doctrine are building an Academy and dwelling-house at Enochsburg, Franklin County, Indiana.

A good carpet is one of those things deemed indispensable in almost every family, and it is often difficult to learn just where a reliable and desirable article—price and quality considered—can be found. We are tolerably well acquainted with carpet stores, and cheerfully commend our friends to Mr. Donnelly, 98 Bowery, N. Y. He has a beautiful store, a fresh and well assorted stock, and is disposed to sell on fair terms; indeed, his experience and business facilities enable him to compete successfully with any other house. Call and see him when you want a good carpet. ap10 1y

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Coffee is in fair request at steady prices. Sales, 200 mats Java, at 18c.; 630 bags Rio, at 10@11¼c., each 4 months' credit; 350 bags Cape Haytien, at 10c., 2½ ℔ cent off, for cash; and 75 bags St. Domingo, at 9½@9¾c., cash, ℔ lb.

Cotton—The demand is less active, and prices favor buyers. Sales 1,500 bales, including Midland Upland, at 12¾c., and other grades at proportionate rates, ℔ lb.

Fish—George's Bank Codfish are in request at $3 50@$3 62½ ℔ cwt. Other kinds are inactive and languid. The supply is large. Mackerel and herring are selling slowly within former range.

Flour and Meal—The receipts have been light, comprising 7,039 bbls., of all kinds, and receivers are not very eager to realize. Prices are pretty firm. Sales, 11,400 bbls.

Poor to good Superfine State	$4 00@$4 15
Extra State	4 20@ 4 35
Superfine Ohio	4 15@ 4 20
Fancy Ohio	4 25@ 4 30
Extra Ohio	4 35@ 4 90
Fancy Genesee	4 25@ 4 35
Extra Genesee	5 00@ 5 50

Canadian Flour is saleable and steady. Sales 350 bbls., low to good extra, at $4 35@$5 50 ℔ bbl. Southern is pretty brisk at full rates.

Grain—Wheat is less active, but is essentially unchanged in value, though towards the close, buyers have any existing advantage. The demand, however, is fair, for home use and for export. We have heard of sales of 48,500 bushels, including inferior Canadian Club at 82@83c.; ordinary White Western at $1 03; fair red, do., at 93c.@$1; Milwaukee Club at 89@90c.; Chicago spring at 80@81c.; fair to very good White Southern at $1 12½@$1 22½; and Red, do., at $1 ℔ bushel.

Hay—Sales 1,000 bales, in lots, at from 45@60c., cash, ℔ 100 lbs.

Provisions—Pork is less active, being held higher. Cut Meats are saleable and steady at 8½@9¾c. for Hams, and 6½@7c. for Shoulders, ℔ lb. Bacon is in moderate request, at from 8½@10c. ℔ lb. Lard is depressed and drooping. Sales 400 bbls., poor to prime at 10½@11½c. ℔ lb. Beef is moderately inquired for, at languid rates; sales 200 bbls., in lots, $12 50@$14 for repacked Western Mess; $14 25@$14 75 for extra do.; $10 50@$11 50 for Country Mess; and $8@$8 50 for do. Prime, ℔ bbl. Prime Mess Beef, $18@$22 ℔ tc. Beef Hams, $16@$18 ℔ bbl. Butter is in fair request, at 16@21c. for Ohio; 17@22c. for common to very good State; and 24@27c. for prime to choice state, ℔ lb. Cheese is in limited demand at 8½@8¾c. ℔ lb.

Sugars—The demand is moderate, and prices slightly favor buyers. Sales 530 hhds., in lots, including Cuba at 5¾@6¼c.; Porto Rico at 6¾@7¼c.—the latter an extreme rate—and New Orleans 6¾@6¼c., with 170 boxes Havana at 6¼@6¾c. ℔ lb.

Tallow—25,000 lbs. Prime sold at 10¼@10½c ℔ lb.

Tobacco—Old crop Kentucky is becoming very scarce. The demand for all kinds is good, and prices are sustained. Sales 152 hhds. Kentucky at 8@16c.; 568 cases Seed Leaf, mostly new crop, at 12½@20c., with 110 bales Havana, and 39 bales Cuba on private terms.

Whiskey—Sales 270 bbls., in lots, at 20½c., cash, ℔ gallon.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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It is conducted with the strictest economy—neither the Officers nor Trustees receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the depositors and will be divided amongst them, having due regard to the safety of their funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums of $500 and under, and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.

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IN consequence of the great number of complaints which have for a long time been made by immigrants, of frauds committed upon them in the sending of money to their friends in Ireland; and to aid and protect the Emigrant, the Irish Emigrant Society established a fund, deposited in the Bank of Ireland, upon which they draw drafts, payable at sight on any of the branches of the Bank.

Persons residing out of the city, by enclosing in a letter the sum they wish forwarded, with the plainly written directions to whom, and where it is to be paid, will have the same remitted.

There is this great advantage in purchasing the Society's drafts—that the Bank has a branch in each of the principal towns in Ireland, and thus the losses by discount, and otherwise, are avoided.

The Society will be thankful for all early and substantial information of any fraud, imposition, or outrage, committed on emigrants, and will endeavor speedily to apply a remedy.

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Use of Piano, per annum..... 8

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